

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

It is not often now that a preacher chooses the story of the Gadarene Swine as the text of his sermon. No doubt there is a certain Sunday of the year when by the Church Calendar it is the Gospel for the Day. But even then preachers are for the most part content to have the story read. On that Sunday this year, however, the Dean of St. Paul's took it for his text.

Did he take it for his text in order to protest against its place in the Lectionary? Very nearly. He did not protest in so many words. He declared his unbelief in the historical accuracy of the narrative. And if you had asked him, he would not have hesitated to say that, the narrative being untrue, it has no business to be one of the Lessons that have to be read in Public Worship.

Why does Dr. INGE disbelieve in the historical accuracy of this story? It seems to be because of the swine. He does not disbelieve in the existence of evil spirits. He does not disbelieve in the power of Jesus to order them about. But he is unable to believe that they can be sent into the bodies of the lower animals. And he has some trouble about 'the injury done by the miracle to the unoffending owner.'

Well, first of all, concerning the unoffending

owner of those swine. It is not yet forgotten that Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley had once a long controversy on the 'Gadarene Pig Affair' (as one of them called it) in one of the monthly magazines. The Dean of St. Paul's recalls that controversy. He thinks that 'the eminent statesman did not show his power to great advantage in the duel.' How could he?

He argued at an impossible disadvantage. He argued on the supposition that the place where the swine were kept was Gadara, and so presumably the owner was a Gentile and had a right to keep swine. But it is not possible from the story itself to believe that the place was Gadara. For Gadara is six or seven miles from the sea of Galilee. And if you can believe that the swine ran these six or seven miles before they 'ran violently down a steep place into the sea,' then you can believe anything in the narrative or out of it.

The place was on the shore of the lake, as the oldest text itself is sufficient to indicate. And so the owner was a Jew and was not 'unoffending.' He could not very easily have offended against the law of his land or the sentiment of his neighbours more seriously than he did. If he lost his swine he gained a lesson; perhaps he saved his soul.

About the possibility of sending evil spirits into the bodies of the lower animals we have nothing to say. We have nothing to say either for it or against it, for we know nothing about it. Nor are we greatly concerned. Much more important is the question whether there are evil spirits to send. And the Dean of St. Paul's believes that there are.

You will find his sermon in the latest volume of *The Christian World Pulpit* (James Clarke & Co.; 4s. 6d. net). It is a volume in which a fair representation is to be discovered of the preaching, let us say the best preaching, of our day. There are other sermons in it which deserve attention not less than this sermon by the Dean of St. Paul's. We choose Dr. INGE's sermon because it is impossible to overlook the significance of it. That a man of his independence of thought and unimpeachable scholarship should at a time like this tell us that he believes—not in evil, that were nothing, though he is most particular to say that his belief in evil is belief in a reality, a positive and terrible power, not a negative good,—but that he should believe in the existence and activity of evil spirits, is significant enough.

At the beginning of the war, when it was felt to be necessary to carry Christ with us into it, much was made of the 'scourge of small cords' with which He drove the traders out of the courts of the Temple.

But more would have been made of it if Dr. E. A. ABBOTT's book on *The Founding of the New Kingdom* had been published (Cambridge: At the University Press; 16s. 6d. net). For there were two obstacles to its fullest use, and he has removed them. One obstacle was the opinion of the commentators, from Alford to Keim, that the scourge was merely a twist of rushes picked off the floor. The other was a haunting doubt of the scourge's very existence. For it is mentioned only in the Fourth Gospel, and the Fourth Gospel places the cleansing of the Temple at the beginning

instead of at the end of our Lord's ministry. Dr. ABBOTT has given the scourge a real existence, and he has made it a real scourge.

First, why do the Synoptists omit all mention of the scourge? Because the scourge of cords (the Revisers omit the word 'small') was required for the sheep and oxen, and as the Synoptists do not mention the sheep and oxen they do not need to mention the scourge. But why do they not mention the sheep and oxen? Dr. ABBOTT's answer is, 'Because, after one or two visits of Jesus to the Temple, He had succeeded in abating the market abuse to such an extent that the sheep and oxen were removed and nothing remained but the doves.'

Dr. ABBOTT does not offer that as an absolutely certain solution. There are still 'great difficulties.' He even suggests another solution, that Mark (followed by Matthew and Luke) omitted the sheep and oxen deliberately because they affected only the rich, and fastened upon the doves because they represented the oppression of the poor. He leaves us to make our choice. But of one thing he is quite sure, and it is the main thing. The Fourth Evangelist did not invent the scourge. Though not too original for 'a great Jewish prophet,' it is far too original for John.

He is equally certain that it was a real scourge. He will have nothing to do with the rushes. The word never means rushes, either in the Septuagint or in Greek literature. And how do we know that the floor of the Temple courts was covered with rushes? "Rushes" would seem more suitable to the bank of the Nile than to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.'

What was the scourge of cords, then? Dr. ABBOTT turns to the 118th Psalm: 'Bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar' (Ps 118²⁷). 'Each victim, presumably, would have a cord attached to it for the purpose of leading it, and binding it, to receive the sacrificial

stroke. From such "cords" Jesus might construct, and encourage His followers to construct, the "scourge" in question.'

There is no more common, and there is no more mischievous, misconception of Christianity than the belief that it is a religion of negations. A biography (?) has been written, and is noticed on another page, of W. E. FORD, an educational reformer. One of the authors of the biography begins with this amazing statement: 'The practice of all present-day religions is founded on the commandments beginning "thou shalt *not*," treating God as lawgiver and judge, a creature swift to anger and to condemnation.'

Amazing as it is, that statement is characteristic of the thinking of our day. That is the opinion of men, of young men especially, here, there, and everywhere throughout the world; and nowhere more than in the fighting forces. And until we get men to see that that conception of Christianity is radically and ludicrously false, our hope of having them when the war is over is a hope that has not the least prospect of realization.

What is the origin of the idea? We shall not say the writings of Friedrich Nietzsche, for the suggestion would be treated at once as absurd. But the writings of Nietzsche have something to do with it. This is the charge which Nietzsche made against Christianity. He made it with all the force of his marvellous command of language. And it has to be remembered that while the pocket edition of *Also sprach Zarathustra* had reached a circulation, before the war, of a hundred and forty thousand, the sale of the English translations (there are more than one of them) have also had a large though an unrecorded sale. We must answer every man who calls Christianity the religion of the coward. We must answer Nietzsche.

The Bross Lectures for 1915 were delivered by the Rev. John Neville FIGGIS, D.D., Litt.D., of

the Community of the Resurrection. Their title, as now published, is *The Will to Freedom* (Longmans; 6s. net). Their subject is the gospel of Nietzsche and the gospel of Christ. Dr. FIGGIS is no indiscriminate assailant of Nietzsche's gospel. He believes in much of it. But he is very sure that Nietzsche was all wrong when he denounced Christianity as the religion of the weakling.

'He might have been undeceived, had he read a little more Church history, or even studied the New Testament which he so heartily despised. He could hardly then have ignored the words about abundant life and fulness of joy—while St. Paul's frequent references to joy in suffering would seem almost designed to meet Nietzsche's own experience. It is not the sense of weakness, but of power that is the most obvious thing in the psychology of the early Christians. Two great facts about the Church impress themselves upon the reader of the New Testament: (1) it was possessed by a spirit of power; (2) it was a separating, distinguishing force, adding to dignity: "Ye are a holy nation, a royal priesthood, a peculiar people."

Nietzsche was misled by the Christian demand for self-denial. That he interpreted to mean a demand for self-suppression; and such a demand went contrary to his favourite idea of the Superman. But even his own Superman has to deny himself. In describing him Nietzsche went so far as to say that self-denial which involves suffering is a condition of insight. It is just what any good Christian will say. Did not Bishop Creighton assert that suffering gives an insight denied to thought? And did not Professor Hort declare that power of life means power of suffering?

In the demand for self-denial the gospel of Christ and the gospel of Nietzsche are at one. They are also at one in the purpose of it. For this is the question regarding self-denial: 'whether it be to abstain from alcohol, or to face an almost certain death in the trenches—to what purpose is

this waste? Is the ointment of man's tears to be poured out, and the alabaster of his gifts to be broken for a noble or an ignoble purpose? Is the result to be the development or the annihilation of the personality? The latter is the teaching of Schopenhauer, of Buddhism, and of the various forms of Oriental pessimism. To them the individual being is the supreme evil, or else the curse of existence. Christianity and Nietzsche also might commend the same ascetic practices as the Buddhist; but the object is different. Always it is the development of the personality—not its extinction. It is a negative means to reach a positive end. "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly" is the principle of Christian asceticism; every whit as much as the expansion of Life is the maxim of Nietzsche.

There is this difference, however, that Nietzsche never discerns power except as explosion. There is no reserve with himself: there is no repression in his doctrine. No doubt the first lesson of courage is what he calls 'Yea-saying to life'; not to shrink; not to stop development because of dangers or fatigues; to face the unknown; to be adventurous, and so forth. Equally needful and harder to teach is the lesson of No-saying, *i.e.* to concentrate, to limit oneself, to hold oneself in; to control the desire to be always on the move.

That is the first great error which Dr. FIGGIS finds in Nietzsche's conception of Christianity. The second is the belief that Christian love is nothing more than sympathy with suffering. It is not only weakness in itself but it encourages weakness in others.

Now sympathy with suffering is a large part of Christian love. It may even be said, and with thankfulness, that the central doctrine of Christianity is the loving pity of a Saviour for the 'lost.' It will not be hidden by any preacher of the Christian gospel that the Saviour's own sermon was on the prophetic text, 'The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he anointed me to preach good

tidings to the poor: he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.' Nietzsche may object to that. He may call it the most detestable doctrine that ever was preached. But it is only his astonishing ignorance of the history of the Christian Church that makes it possible for him to say that that gospel has produced the weakling or perpetuated his existence in the world. 'I came,' said Jesus, 'that they may have life, and may have it abundantly,' and that purpose He has fulfilled in His sympathy with suffering.

There is another misconception. Nietzsche 'misconceived the Christian doctrine of equality before God. That doctrine asserts that every soul has an eternal value, none is merely a thing, a tool. Nietzsche, it is true, would deny this, except for the few. But when he goes on to say that Christianity makes all souls equal, in the sense that it denies the aristocracy of character, he is asserting the direct contrary of the fact. This alleged over-democratic character of Christianity is not there. In its doctrine of the saints, it asserts clearly definite degrees and carries them beyond this life. Further, it goes on to say that what matters is the whole personality. That, indeed, sometimes undergoes a cataclysmic change in the process we call conversion. But this is not universal. The point is that neither on earth nor beyond it does Christianity deny the "aristocracy of character"—although it has never, like Nietzsche, asserted its right to tyrannise in virtue of superiority.'

There is no doctrine that seems more reasonable in itself or more appropriate to the present time than the doctrine of Purgatory. We may be offended by the name, for assuredly it has offensive associations. But it stands for the belief that those who have been taken unprepared into Eternity are there made fit, before they enter finally into the inheritance of the saints in light. And what can be more reasonable or reassuring than that?

But the Rev. R. G. GILLIE does not believe in Purgatory, or in anything that the name stands for. A volume has been prepared for the present distress under the title of *Our Boys Beyond the Shadow* (Sampson Low; 4s. 6d. net). It is edited by the Rev. Frederick HASTINGS, and consists of eighteen papers by scholars from all the Churches—Dr. Charles Brown, Mr. Bernard Snell, the Bishop of Birmingham, Mr. Charles Allan, the Archdeacon of Middlesex, Dr. Horton, Mr. Spurr, Mr. Rattenbury, Mr. Piggott, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Monro Gibson, Mr. Day Thompson, the Dean of Gloucester, Mr. Hastings himself, and Mr. Gillie. Mr. GILLIE writes three of the papers. One of them is entitled 'Is Purgatory Necessary?' Mr. GILLIE does not believe that Purgatory is necessary.

Now if Purgatory is not necessary it is nothing. For it has no support from the New Testament. Only three or four passages can by any kind of interpretation be taken into its service, and the interpretation that takes them in is unreliable. Its existence as a doctrine is due, not to a study of the New Testament, but to the attempt of an un-instructed Church to meet a natural human failing. Any attraction that it has to-day is due to the encouragement of that failing, together with a complete misunderstanding of 'that state of the blessed dead which we call heaven.'

But it is not necessary. For our young men were not what we thought they were when hastily they departed hence. They were not so unprepared as we thought. We did not know them. 'They were inarticulate and shy, and the effort was too great for them to make, to speak of their inmost thoughts. There was much more in them than they ever allowed us to see, or themselves to admit. "A boy's will is a wind's will, but the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." There are two things that make us sure of this.'

One thing is the way in which they gave themselves to the sacrifice. 'Quite simply, drawn as irresistibly as the iron filings by the loadstone,—

they yielded to the calls imperilling their career, their prospects, their dearest hopes, and their earthly life. We can never forget that revelation of what lay asleep in their young manhood, this capacity for utter surrender to the call of duty. Having seen that glimpse of heavenliness in lives that sometimes seemed so earthbound, one may well be slow to conclude that God cannot give to such their starting point in His heaven.'

The other thing is more immediately convincing. It is the reading of the letters which have been written by them and which were to be opened only if they died. 'Facing the great experience of death, scarcely hoping to escape it, they have written a few lines unbarring their hearts for once, and what have we read there? Thoughts of home, a plea for forgiveness of any distress they have caused, an upward look to God, selflessness, courage, thanks for any spiritual influence, a great love. Though I know something of the human heart, such a letter,' says Mr. GILLIE, 'has shown me that I too had failed to read what lay behind the gay exterior and the joy of life. Yes, and it lay even behind the not infrequent aversion to services or indifference to Church matters. Behind all, there was still a seed of reverence, of sacrificial love, of loyal trust in those hearts, which many never knew, and which sometimes they did not know themselves.'

Is that not enough to make Purgatory unnecessary? There is more than that. Turn to the gospel. What is the gospel? Is it not the gospel of the grace of God? And what is grace? Is it merit? Purgatory is matter of merit. They who enter heaven after passing through the discipline of a Middle State enter because they are worthy. Is that the gospel of the grace of God?

'We misread,' says Mr. GILLIE, 'the overwhelming power of the unhindered grace of God. None of us are going to be in the Father's House because we are worthy, but only because of His

mercy in Christ Jesus. We shall not be there because we are fit to be there when we leave the earth. The greatest saint on earth is not fit. "The spirits of just men made perfect" are the inhabitants of heaven. It is not death that makes us perfect,—it is not the escape from the material body and from this earthly scene which is going to perfect us. There has to be a miracle of completing grace before any one of us can be fit for the society of the angels and for the redeemed in their sinless robes.'

'The overwhelming power of the unhindered grace of God.' What hinders it? Not sin, not sinful habit, not even crime and a career of it. Nothing but unrepentance. The moment that repentance comes, the grace of God is free, and its power is overwhelming. 'Two young men greatly contrasted, ended their lives very soon after Jesus,—the one was the bandit, who was on a neighbouring cross by the side of Christ, the other was Saint Stephen, the first martyr. The assurance Jesus gave the criminal was, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Had the saint any higher assurance? Was it not the same assurance which made his death-cry, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," before he fell asleep? The difference between Stephen and that crucified ill-doer was far greater than the difference between many a young man, whose name was on no Church roll before he died, and the most devoted Christian.

Jesus did not hesitate to say, "To-day," "with me," "in Paradise."

We do not know the grace of God when we demand a Purgatory of discipline. And we do not know God. We make Him in our own image, after our own likeness. We think He cannot be bothered with us till we are ready to give Him no bother. To pass for a moment from Mr. GILLIE, there is a book on *The Unfolding of Life* which has been written by the Rev. W. T. A. BARBER, D.D., Head Master of the Leys School. It is the Fernley Lecture for the year. In that book there is a story told.

'We remember,' says Dr. BARBER, 'a happy home in which a buzzing swarm of children were always round an adored mother. Sometimes, in humorous despair, she would drive them away: "Oh, children, do go away and give me a little peace." When they came with the usual puzzles of childhood and asked why, if heaven were so lovely, God did not take them to live with Him right away, their mother could only point out how lonely she would be; but the answer obviously did not satisfy. One day the youngest boy came with face all radiant; he had solved the riddle: "I know why God doesn't take us all at once to heaven. *He wants a little peace first.*" Quite naturally and rightly he had made a God in the image of his mother.'

'If God Be for us.'

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. A. G. HOGG, M.A., MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, INDIA.

'If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?'—Rom. 8³¹. 32.

How satisfyingly inclusive is the catalogue of dangers which, in the chapter from which the text is taken, the Apostle sums up and tosses contemptuously aside! 'I am certain,' he says, that 'neither death nor life, neither angels nor principal-

ties, neither the present nor the future, no powers of the Height or of the Depth, nor anything else in all creation will be able to part us from God's love in Christ Jesus our Lord' (Dr. Moffatt's version). In the commonplace days of peace, which now seem so far-away a memory, we might have been content with St. Paul's first antithesis, 'neither death nor life.' But in these present days when the name of a certain political power

has become for so many of us emblematic of principles of moral evil which in incipient and subtler guise have been penetrating all parts of our civilization and threatening its total collapse, we have regained a vivid sense that our warfare is superhuman, and so we welcome the comfort of the Apostle's triumphant disdain not for death and life alone, but for angels and principalities and powers of the Height or of the Depth. Not only nameable terrors but every daunting fiction which even the most diseased imagination can conjure up are gathered together and flung contemptuously aside by the challenging question: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' Is not such a challenge fitted to stir the weariest courage to a new rally? Does not its simple logic destroy even the most deeply seated grounds for despair?

It is out of a life rich in memories of victory that the Apostle speaks his challenge. And we know the source whence he derived that conquering courage and trust. It was Christ's creation—our Lord's gift to an age which was worldly wise and therefore world-weary and hastening towards its fall. So, if we would learn to share the Apostle's confidence and to pass on to others his heartening challenge, we should turn back to the pages of our Lord's own wonderful life.

Of its vivid pictures perhaps none is more impressive as a lesson in faith than the story of our Lord's astonishment on the lake of Gennesaret. That story is commonly called 'The Stilling of the Tempest,' but this is quite a misnomer. If the sole interest of the narrators had indeed been fixed on the cessation of the storm, we might well have hesitated to credit their account. It is not the marvellousness of the achievement that awakens suspicion, for our Lord did much that was even more marvellous. What might provoke doubt is the easiness with which a tale of mere prodigy might grow up in a miracle-loving age. But, while to invent the prodigy might have been easy, to invent our Lord's astonishment—to invent a way of treating the disciples' terror that has about it such a distinguished originality—this is an achievement beyond ordinary myth-making powers. One feels that even if the storm and its stilling were legend, Christ's way of stultifying the disciples' fears nevertheless must be a transcript from life. Shall we study for the moment the sequence of event and action?

The elements raged; the disciples trembled;

our Lord slept. They wakened Him with their weak but most humanly natural appeal: 'Master, carest thou not that we perish?' Now what, under these conditions, was the obvious course for our Lord to follow? What was the course which, in virtue of its obviousness, would naturally have been attributed to Him if the story had been legend? In the judgment of our own age the obvious action for a religious teacher under such circumstances would have been to preach a sermon on the duty of trusting God in time of danger. To a prodigy-loving age, on the other hand, the obvious action might have seemed to be the Master's stilling of the tempest. But to no age would that sequence of emotion and deed seem obvious which, we are told, marked our Lord's behaviour. That which, to His own spiritual vision, shone out so luminously—the Heavenly Father holding in the hollow of His mighty hand the little lake, the dangerous little tempest, the tiny boat with its specks of human creatures—this He flashed upon the disciples' natural vision by asking that Father's hand to close upon the little tempest and crush it into stillness. And then, with never a second thought for the deed that He had done, He turned to the disciples and asked in grieved surprise: 'Why are ye fearful? Have ye not yet faith?' It is as though He said: 'If God be for you, can a mere tempest be against you?' The logic is the same as that which St. Paul uses, but in the deed which went before the reasoning there shines out that utterness of belief in the Heavenly Father's willingness and liberty to 'be *for us*' which was Christ's new, unique contribution to the religious life of the world.

Let us dwell a little longer on the distinguished originality of our Lord's way of feeling and acting, as here narrated. What, let us ask, was the novel and striking feature in His attitude?

What was new was not the idea that God would interpose to rescue men from danger, for that was an idea familiar to every reader of the O.T. narratives. Moreover, Jesus did not believe in the danger; in His eyes the disciples were as safe in the storm as in a calm.

Again, what was new was not the idea that God would grant a sign to strengthen hard-pressed faith. For the O.T. chronicles many examples of that idea also; and although it was certainly one of the conceptions which underlay Christ's conduct

on this occasion, it is not itself the feature that captures our attention.

What stirs our wonder is not so much any particular idea implied in our Lord's action here as His attitude to the deed He had done—His evident lack of any feeling that what had occurred was out of the common. He did not hesitate before His own audacity in expecting of the Father so unwonted an interposition; nor is there, after the deed, any pause to recover His breath, as it were, after an exceptional venturesomeness of faith. Just as if the whole incident had been the most commonplace thing in the world, He turns to the disciples with nothing else interesting His mind than His perplexed astonishment at their lack of faith. It is in this feature above all that the narrative reveals its essential authenticity. It is dominated by the originality of thought and deed of One for whom it was indeed one of the commonplaces of everyday life that the Father controls the mightiest forces of nature in the interests of human faith—in the interests even of the humblest lessons which that faith needs to learn. It is simple fact that the Father is always controlling the forces of nature in the interests of faith, and so the stilling of the tempest was indeed something commonplace—a mere making visible of what He is doing all the time. It is this attitude of Christ toward His own deed, this His conception of the event as a mere commonplace, that has guarded the prodigy from bearing the evil fruit which is so apt to spring from prodigies. And it is this feature of the story that enables it to teach so precious a lesson. Death is not commonplace, but life is. Things to come are not commonplace, but things present are. Yet equally a matter of everyday commonplace fact is God's control of the world for the ends of faith. And so neither death nor life, neither things to come nor things present, can separate us from the love of God. If God be for us, what can be against us? If God be for us, no tottering of our life's structure need make us despair—not shadowed homes, nor holocausts on the stricken field, nor the enfeebling of the Church's testimony, nor the threatened collapse of our civilization.

Does this one picture-lesson from the great life of our Lord suffice us? Or do we perhaps complain that in the face of merely external danger—in presence, say, of a physical tempest—trust is easy? Do we want an object-lesson from a case

of spiritual extremity? If we do, let us turn another page in the life of our Lord.

There came a critical stage in His great enterprise of winning for the world the Kingdom of God, of winning it, if possible, for His own beloved nation too. The crowds had been stirred, but their attitude was undecided. It seemed that a little more might win them, but just as possible that this little more might repel them. And then Jesus was led to work the miracle of feeding the thousands, that miracle which they ought to have felt so eloquent of the kind of Heavenly Father in whom Christ sought to awaken their real trust. Yet upon very few did it have this effect. In the majority it aroused instead a lust for worldly well-being and provoked a scheme to force Jesus to take the lead in a politico-social revolution. Such a revelation of human blindness of soul seems to have brought home to our Lord the certainty that His ideal could not be won in the way in which He had longed that it might come to pass. He quieted the crowd and caused it to disperse. He hurried the disciples away by themselves in a boat. He Himself retired to the hills that He might be alone, and might in the solitude of prayer wrestle with that which He now saw so plainly before Him.

But in the loneliness of that night there was no stillness. As if to give material substance to the spiritual tempest that threatened to engulf His Messianic mission, the winds rose and howled about His place of retreat. With the whirlwind of men's vain excitement, resting on no solid basis of insight, from which He had just escaped and to which He must presently return, there linked themselves in His mind the eddying gusts of the storm, as they sprang up seemingly from nowhere and whirled so madly around. The cold blast which struck across His face seemed alive with the venom of human hate. The scurrying clouds that raced across the face of heaven appeared one with the follies which, chasing each other across the field of man's vision, continually obscure from Him the true countenance of God. Out yonder on the lake Jesus could see the disciples' frail craft tossed and threatened by the hungry waves. Was not the fair vessel of His own life-work also at sea in this very tempest, where the spiritual and the material, joined in one unholy alliance, made simultaneous war against all that to Him was dear? Perched high up amid the chaos of the elements, the soul

of our Lord wrestled on in solitude. And then upon His straining faith there fell an inward peace. He saw the tempest, both spiritual and physical, held in the hollow of His Father's hand, its noisiest fury impotent to work more than His Father's will. And Jesus arose and walked—walked down the hillside—walked right, out into the waves.

I do not believe that He thought of working a miracle; I do not think He meant to teach a lesson; I do not find in the narratives anything to suggest such an intention. I do not think He formed any self-conscious resolve at all. Our Lord had the poet's cast of mind, which is quick to find the invisible clothing itself in the visible, and for which the dividing line between material and spiritual is ever very thin. And just as, a little later, the barren fig-tree blended in the poet-mind of Jesus with the barrenness of Israel, so here at this high-strung moment the physical storm had become for Him indistinguishably one with the spiritual conflict that threatened to shipwreck His God-given mission. Thus it came to pass that the act of gazing calmly into the heart of that *human* tempest whose fierce threatenings absorbed His thought worked itself out naturally, unself-consciously, possibly at first without His own express notice, into the act of breasting the *physical* storm, walking out into the very sea, and treading down its waves which He saw tossing themselves so impotently in the grasp of His Father's hand.

Is this too venturesome a reading of this strange story in the life of our Lord? It may be so. But at any rate a spiritual crisis did drive our Lord that evening to seek solitude on the mountain-side, and to stay there through hours of storm. At any rate He did conquer. And beyond all question the secret of His victorious serenity, as he walked upon the waters with apparently no desire to reach the boat (Mk 6⁴⁹), was not different from this: 'If the Heavenly Father be for us, what can be against us?' In this story, therefore, we have what we asked for—an object-lesson which teaches trust in face of *spiritual* extremity. Will it not be strange if we are not satisfied? What more can our faith need to stir it to new life than St. Paul's challenging logic, and these object-lessons in proof of its validity? And yet, strange though it may seem, we do want more.

We want more because there is one dishearten-

ingly obvious answer to St. Paul's logic. 'It is true,' we sadly murmur, 'that if God be for us, no one can be against us—no one but ourselves. Yet we ourselves are our own worst enemies, and God will not force our human wills.' Have we not made this answer often, and does it not render listless the ears on which the Apostle's challenge falls?

Too often has it been so with us. Yet have we not done with St. Paul's logic so quickly. We must follow his argument to its close. 'He that spared not his own Son'—that is how the reasoning proceeds, and it reaches to the uttermost of our need. The Apostle's challenge passes on to us our Lord's message, but besides His message there was His mission.

Our Lord's message—the central thought which was the inspiration of all His deeds of human faith and words of wondrous power—was this: that God is so absolutely *for* us as to leave no reason in the world why we should not obtain from Him what will satisfy our every need—no reason but this, that we will not, or do not, go to Him in a spirit that permits Him to do as He would wish and grant our every desire. Now, besides this message of the Lord, our Brother, there is the mission of the Lord, our Redeemer.

Have we dared to imagine, perhaps, that God does not know us as well as we know ourselves? Do we fancy that our deplorable depravity, our inability to come to Him in the spirit that will enable Him to answer our cry, is a discovery of our own, a discovery which has escaped the eye of the great Searcher of hearts? Nay, the Father knows our depravity, and out of this knowledge comes our Lord's mission. The Father knows our impotence to approach Him as we should, and therefore it was that He 'spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all,' so that, this our impotence having been abolished through the work of His Son, He might be able with Him freely to give us all things.

How does the Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, do the work that charms away our impotence? None can fully answer such a question. Many of us have found Him beginning to do His work, and perhaps we fancy that we understand a little of His magic. But the whole we do not, nor do we need to, understand. It is enough for us that He does it. It is enough for us that all the Godhead of God is at stake in His ability to do this—enough

for us that God would not be God if He could not save a soul so long as it even feebly desired to be saved.

Why do we find it so difficult to believe that even all the resources of the Godhead can conquer human depravity in our own personal case, can transform our individual impotence into an ability to be blessed? We feel so just because, and we feel so only when, this impossibility *has* begun to be accomplished. Our self-despair is the first part of Christ's transforming work in us. We do not

know that we are so stubborn until He has begun to soften us. Let us thank Him, then, for the hopelessness with which He sometimes oppresses us; and when those times are at their worst, let us cower down into His arms, repeating to ourselves that it is God's responsibility—if one may dare to put it so, God's business—and not ours to accomplish our salvation, that it is His age-long purpose through Christ to make us—somehow, somewhen—allow Him freely to give us all things.

Literature.

TOM KETTLE.

'WHEN the war broke out he was engaged in Belgium buying rifles for the Volunteers. In August and September 1914 he was war correspondent for the *Daily News* in Belgium. I shall quote just one passage which briefly sums up his attitude. "When this great war fell on Europe, those who knew even a little of current ethical and political ideals felt that the hour of Destiny had sounded. Europe had once more been threatened by Barbarism, Odin had thrown down his last challenge to Christ. To you, these may or may not seem mere phrases: to anyone whose duty has imposed on him some knowledge of Prussia, they are realities as true as the foul of Hell. When the most fully guaranteed and most sacred treaty in Europe—that which protected Belgium—was violated by Germany, when the frontier was crossed and the guns opened on Liège, without hesitation we declared that the lot of Ireland was on the side of the Allies. As the wave of infamy swept further and further over the plains of Belgium and France, we felt it was the duty of those who could do so to pass from words to deeds."

To Odin's challenge, we cried Amen!

We stayed the plough and laid by the pen,
And we shouldered our guns like gentlemen
That the wiser weak might hold.

'In November 1914 he joined, as he called it, the "Army of Freedom." His oratorical gifts and prestige as a Nationalist made him a great asset to

the recruiting committee. It is said he made over two hundred speeches throughout Ireland. "He spent himself tirelessly on the task," writes a contributor to a Unionist paper. "His brilliant speeches were the admiration of all who heard them. To him, they were a heavy duty. 'The absentee Irishman to-day,' he said in a fine epigram, 'is the man who stays at home.' All the time he was on these spell-binding missions, he was chafing to be at the front. His happy and fighting nature delighted in the rough-and-tumble of platform work, and in the interruption of the 'voice' and hot thrust of retort. I remember him telling me of an Australian minor poet who was too proud to fight. The poet was arguing that men of letters should stay at home and cultivate the muses and hand on the torch of culture to the future. 'I would rather be a tenth-rate minor poet,' he said, 'than a great soldier.' Kettle's retort on this occasion was deadly. 'Well,' he said, 'aren't you?'"

'He went to the front with a burdened heart. The murder of his brother-in-law, Francis Sheehy-Skeffington, cast a deep gloom on his spirit. As he wrote to his friend Mr. Lynd shortly before his death, it "oppressed him with horror." I do not think it out of place to recall here a brief obituary notice he wrote of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, whom he loved, as Mr. Lynd so truly says, for the "uncompromising and radically gentle idealist he was"—

"It would be difficult at any time to convey in the deadness of language an adequate sense of the courage, vitality, superabundant faith, and self-

ignoring manliness which were the characteristic things we associated with Francis Sheehy-Skeffington. To me, writing amidst the rumour of camps, the task is impossible. There are clouds that will never lift.

“He was to me the good comrade of many hopes, and though the ways of this scurvy and disastrous world led us apart, he remained to me an inextinguishable flame. This ‘agitator,’ this ‘public menace,’ this ‘disturber’ was wholly emancipated from egotism, and incapable of personal hatred. He was a man who had ranged the whole world of ideas, and rather than my own words I would use those of the great whom we agreed in admiring. I could style him with Guyau—

Droit comme un rayon de lumière,
Et, comme lui, vibrant et chaud;—

or put in his mouth the proud and humble faith of Robert Buchanan—

Never to bow or kneel
To any brazen lie;
To love the worst, to feel
The worst is even as I.
To count all triumph vain
That helps no burdened man;
I think so still and so
I end as I began.”

Tom Kettle entered the war, leaving his chair in the National University of Ireland, because Prussia was to him the enemy of peace and civilisation. In almost his last letter, he again emphasises this.

“Unless you hate war, as such, you cannot really hate Prussia. If you admit war as an essential part of civilisation, then what you are hating is merely Prussian efficiency.”

“And with this mission of universal peace mingled his dream of a reconciled Ulster. He knew that there was no abiding cause of disunion between North and South, and hoped that out of common dangers shared and suffering endured on a European battleground, there would issue a United Ireland. For this he counted much on “the brotherhood that binds the brave of all the earth.” “There is a vision of Ireland,” he wrote in 1915, “better than that which sees in it only a cockpit, or eternal skull-cracking Donnybrook Fair—a vision that sees the real enemies of the nation to be ignorance, poverty, disease; and

turning away from the ashes of dead hatreds, sets out to accomplish the defeat of these real enemies. Out of this disastrous war we may pluck, as France and Belgium have plucked, the precious gift of national unity.”

He fell at Ginchy, leading the Dublin Fusiliers whom he loved.

His most recent writings were by himself collected into a volume. They are now published under the title of *The Ways of War* (Constable; 7s. 6d. net), with a Memoir by his wife. The Memoir is worthy to introduce the book: it is a book of throbbing life and virtue.

AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS.

Every one of our *After-War Problems*, except those that touch Religion, seems to be discussed in a book with that title (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net), and every one by a writer of authority. They *are* problems, every one of them. That is the most striking thing which the writers reveal. Take Expenditure. It is discussed by Mr. Arthur Sherwell, M.P. He tells us that Mr. Gladstone, ‘powerful as he was, and rigid as were his views and practice, had persistently to fight for his economies. In a letter to Mr. Cobden, written in 1860, he wrote: “I speak a literal truth when I say that in these days it is more difficult to save a shilling than to spend a million.” The truthfulness of that statement many of his successors, struggling with the demands of a later and more eager generation, have painfully endorsed.’

But the whole duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is not fulfilled in saving shillings. He has to spend as well as to save. Those who have read the Life of Sydney Herbert will remember how often he urged Mr. Gladstone to spend money on matters like sanitation, which would have made every pound yield ten pounds, and how often he was disappointed. Mr. Sherwell admits that Mr. Gladstone ‘belonged to a school of political thought which could hardly foresee the expanded demands of a quickened national spirit, and his theory of economy was more rigid, and perhaps less considerate of the real economy of fruitful expenditure, than a generation moved by modern social impulses could approve.’

Other problems are more obvious. The relations between Capital and Labour have had to be discussed by two men—Mr. G. H. Roberts, M.P.,

from the standpoint of Labour, and Sir Benjamin C. Browne from the standpoint of Capital. Like so many other problems this is to be solved by no ready-made theory, but most of all by the spirit of sympathy. 'What we want,' says Sir Benjamin Browne, 'is more confidence and sympathy. Everybody knows when the employers meet the workmen, as they do regularly in most trades, for the settlement of various disputes, what an enormous amount of work is done amicably and what a number of disputes are nipped in the bud and never give any serious trouble; and it is certainly the case that if the leaders on either side of the table agree verbally to any arrangement, or promise to do or to refrain from doing anything, the other side look on that promise as being quite as safe as a legal pledge.'

It is because there are so many problems to solve that such a book as this is necessary. But one book is all that is necessary, this one book, since it has handled every problem and since every problem is handled by an expert.

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM.

'Most of us can remember the time when the existence of telepathy was not admitted by persons who had a scientific reputation to take care of, and "suggestion" was on its trial. As for faith-healing, palmistry, clairvoyance, clair-audience, automatism, mediumship, and the rest, they are still mixed up with such fraud and humbug and silliness, and with persons so disgraceful, so discredited, so absurd, that it is not easy to write about them in a work that is, at any rate, *trying* to be serious. I feel (to be disgustingly egoistic) that any reputation I may have is already so imperilled by my devout adhesion to the Absolute that I simply cannot afford to be suspected of tenderness, or even toleration for the professors of the occult. The Society for Psychical Research may be trusted to deal appropriately with unorganized imposture; but the organized variety is another matter. And there are at least two organizations which seem to be beyond the power of any Society, or of any Government or State to control them—Theosophy and Christian Science.'

That is plain speaking for a philosopher. But it is not less philosophical for its plainness. The author is May Sinclair; the book is *A Defence of Idealism* (Macmillan; 12s. net). Let us quote

again; this time on the mystics. The point is the certainty, the absolute assurance of the Mystic, and how it is to be distinguished from illusion.

'In Western Mysticism, above all, in Catholic Mysticism, the lower and the higher forms of suggestion alternate, and there is a dreadful tendency for the lower form to hold the field. And if the great mystics had not been the most marvellous analysers of their own states, we should have had no possible means of distinguishing in their case between the two.

'Luckily their moments of certainty seldom, if ever, came when they were deliberately sought; they came—as they come to every one who has ever known them—unsought, and unexpected and with a shock of surprise. In true mystic experience you may say the expected never happens.

'Still, remembering the saints of the Salpêtrière, and Lady Julian's morbidities, and Saint Teresa's "impetuosities," and all the terrifying and revolting amorousness of the religious mystic, we might suspect this certainty if these revelations were all the record that we had of it. Not only all religious experience is full of it, but every poet, every painter, every musician knows the shock of contact with reality. The vision of absolute beauty while it lasts is actually a laying hold on eternal life. I would say every lover knows it, but that sexual passion is the source of our most profound illusion. Still, even the betrayed and disillusioned lover may know that in loving he found his own innermost reality; illusion was not in him, but in the perfidious heart of the beloved; while he loved he truly lived. Nothing can take from him that certainty. The wrong of sexual treachery lies in the fact that it deprives the lover (for the time being) of life.

'And there is an even higher state of certainty than these. Almost every other hero knows it: the exquisite and incredible assurance, the positively ecstatic vision of Reality that comes to him when he faces death for the first time. There is no certainty that life can give that surpasses or even comes anywhere near it. And the world has been full of *these* mystics, *these* visionaries, since August 1914. Sometimes I think they are the only trustworthy ones. How pure, how absolute is their surrender; how candid and untroubled their confession; how spontaneous and undefiled their witness.'

The purpose of the book is to strengthen the argument for Spiritual Monism. It is not theo-

retical only. In the end of the book there is a striking application of its conclusions to life eternal.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

Dr. George A. Barton, Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College, is one of the most accurate scholars in the United States, and he is always up to date. Only a very few men have ever been able to write on *The Religions of the World* (Cambridge University Press; \$1.50) to any purpose; but he is one of them. And he seems to be able to write in order to satisfy at one and the same time the hard student and the reader for pleasure. He set out to write for the student, and he has kept the student in mind to the very end, including the generous lists of literature, the 'topics for further study, classroom discussion, or assigned papers,' and the 'Outline of a book to be written by the student.' But his oratorical sense and orderly mind made it impossible for him to write so that he could not be read at the fireside. It will be no surprise if this convenient volume ousts all the other manuals of comparative religion even in this country; it will be a very great surprise if it is not found pleasant and profitable for a winter evening's reading.

THE EDUCATION THAT IS TO BE.

Mr. J. D. Beresford (the novelist) and Mr. Kenneth Richmond (whom we do not know) have together written a book entitled *W. E. Ford: A Biography* (Collins; 6s. net). Mr. Beresford has written the first three chapters, in which he tells of his most unexpected meeting with Ford in a country inn and their occasional and accidental meetings afterwards. There is a good deal more of Mr. Beresford than of W. E. Ford in these chapters, and Mr. Beresford apologizes for it. Mr. Beresford has also written the last chapter, 'A Few Notes on Ford's Philosophy.' The rest of the book has been written by Mr. Richmond.

Who was W. E. Ford? Mr. Beresford says: 'The name of William Elphinstone Ford will evoke no response in the minds of newspaper readers. He published no book, he was not an explorer, nor an inventor, nor a politician, he was connected with no religious society, and his one real experiment in education was, from the outside

point of view, a failure. And yet Mr. Richmond and I are agreed that Ford had a rare genius, and that even the little we may be able to record of his life and principles has a peculiar value at the present time, and will have a still greater value a few years hence. We have, in fact, the prevailing excuse that this sketch of Ford's life is in the best and widest sense of the word—didactic. We sincerely believe that his theories of education and conduct are worthy of the closest attention.'

In writing the body of the book Mr. Richmond explains these theories of education and conduct, and it may be said that their explanation makes the book. There is a just visible thread of narrative running throughout; enough, however, to hold the attention of those who are not interested in theories of education. Ford's training by his father, mostly accomplished by giving him the opportunity of seeing the world and leaving him to think about it, makes a fine figure of the father, who died suddenly in Russia or somewhere and left Ford unfit for any definite work in life. He becomes an assistant master in a private school, and discovers in himself ideas and capacities enough to revolutionize the whole teaching profession. He meets Mary Worthington slumming. The one is of the middle class with a leaning to socialism, the other is an aristocrat, and we are given to understand that these two places in life are as far apart from one another as, according to Kipling, the East is from the West. Then Ford meets a London Scotsman, named Wishart, with sense, with money, and with a daughter. Ford and Mary part; Ford and Margaret are married. But first Wishart gives Ford the means of starting a private school, and Richmond (who had been a pupil) the opportunity of teaching under him and telling the whole story of the experiment in the education that is to be. The school failed. Ford was a reformer before the time. He travelled, and died suddenly, like his father, somewhere abroad.

But—was there ever a W. E. Ford? Or is this the method an enthusiast in education has chosen in order to entrap us into sympathy with his theories? In any case it is a well-written book. It is so well written that we do more than sympathize with its theories, we discover a new author from whom the greatest things may be expected.

The Student Christian Movement has issued an introductory handbook of *Citizenship* (1s. 9d. net). The author is M. Cécile Matheson, late Warden of the Birmingham Women's Settlement. Under the title of *Citizenship* many topics are discussed, all practically as well as thoughtfully. They are Poverty, the Poor Law, the Homes of the People, Education, Public Health, Drink. At the end of each chapter there is a list of books for further study, and at the end of the volume there is a series of questions for discussion.

If the enjoyment of Children, like the enjoyment of Nature, is a modern discovery, it makes us sorry for our forefathers. How interesting are their difficulties—religious difficulties as they nearly always are. Mrs. Edith E. Read Mumford, M.A., has made them a special and prolonged study. Now she issues the result in a book entitled *The Religious Difficulties of Children* (S.S. Union; 2s. net).

There is the difficulty about death, for example. It is not the most common, but it is the most poignant. Alfred Tennyson's brother Charles wrote one of his finest sonnets on 'Seeing a Child Blush on his First View of a Corpse':

A strange bewilder'd look of shame he wore;
'Twas the first mortal hint that cross'd the
lad.
He feared the stranger, though he knew no
more,
Surmising and surprised, but, most, afraid,
As Crusoe, wandering on the desert shore,
Saw but an alien footmark and was sad.

Mrs. Mumford has her anecdotes also: 'I have a little niece of four and a half years old,' writes a Sunday School teacher, 'a highly strung, sensitive child. She attends Sunday School, and is in my Primary Department. . . . It has rather perplexed me to note how her childish mind is at times troubled with anxious thoughts of death and the mystery of God. The first time, I think, that she became conscious that there was such a thing as death was some months ago, when—seeing some blinds down, and hearing her elders refer to a lady who had passed away—she began to ask questions on the subject: "What was dying? Would mother die? Must mother die?" Her mother tried to show her that it was not really we ourselves that died, only our bodies died, our souls lived: but

the child replied, "Oh, mother, I don't want my body to die! If my body died, there would only be my head and legs left!"'

The Rev. C. E. Woods, author of that daring book 'The Gospel of Rightness,' has now written a book on *Archdeacon Wilberforce: His Ideals and Teaching* (Stock; 3s. net). Mr. Woods knew the Archdeacon of Westminster well, and his short memoir is full of vivid touches. But the larger part of the book is an estimate of Wilberforce's teaching. His great personal discovery was the discovery of the Immanence of God. And he made it go all the way. God is not only in us, He is in us as a sufferer. And with that discovery the problem of pain was greatly lightened for his spirit.

Why does Mr. Woods say so little (we might put it 'make so little') of Archdeacon Wilberforce's crusade against alcohol? That was the noblest and the most valuable work of his life. And why do the publishers not include *The Trinity of Evil* among his books? Was it not the first of all his literary works? And was there not more in it for national and personal righteousness than in all the rest together?

The Rev. F. W. Worsley, B.D., a scholar up to date and eager, has addressed some *Letters to Mr. Britling* (Scott; 2s. net). They have something of Mr. Britling's own vigour of language and more than his knowledge of God.

What we know of *Life in the World to Come* we know from the Bible. The Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh, has therefore done wisely—in writing and publishing a book under that title (Scott; 2s. 6d. net)—to confine himself to the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. With a text for each chapter, it looks as if the book were a volume of sermons, and it may be so. But it is a book, every chapter having its place in an exposition of the 'one great pressing subject for our consideration at this present time.' The Bishop of Edinburgh is a scholar and a preacher. Readers may rely upon his learning as surely as hearers are moved by his eloquence.

Reunion is becoming a burning question. Is there a man who has been among our soldiers and now disregards it? With reunion as a burning

question other questions are thrown into the light. One is the Episcopate. The Rev. J. P. Whitney, B.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, London, delivered the Hulsean Lectures in 1906-7 on *The Episcopate and the Reformation*. They are published now, at a better time than if they had been published then (Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

Is Episcopacy a hindrance to reunion? Only if it is made a hindrance. If we insist upon having it, some men may reject it; if we insist upon rejecting it, some men may cling to it. Most men's minds are open either way. Professor Whitney's book is an argument for its necessity. And as his argument rests upon the facts of history, as it is an argument from the benefits that Episcopacy has brought to the Church, as it is what he himself calls 'the Spiritual story of the Episcopate,' we can all examine it dispassionately. Mr. Whitney begins at the Reformation, and so, as he says, avoids 'some special controversies, although some others take their place.' He ends with a 'wise' quotation from Liddon: 'The Church of England cannot claim finality for anything that dates from the Reformation period; and that was settled, for whatever good reasons, on her own, *i.e.*, a local authority, and therefore, from the nature of the case, provisionally.' With a Church as with a man, its history is the law of its life, and gives the limits of its power.

A Nottingham bookseller, Mr. Henry B. Saxton, has prepared a manual of *Forms of Service for the Boys' Brigade and Kindred Associations*, with occasional prayers. He is himself the publisher (2d.). Let us quote the Prayer for Games and Sports: 'We pray Thee, O God of all joy, to grant us Thy Spirit in our games and sports, so that we may gain thereby true pleasure, health, and self-control. Keep us from unkindness, unfairness, and meanness. Help us to win generously, lose without anger, and play the man in the game. In the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

Mr. Horatio W. Dresser is a prolific writer, and he writes on one topic and one only. It is New Thought. A good many years ago Professor William James spoke of him as the most nearly scientific writer that New Thought had produced. He had written much then. He has gone on writing ever since. His latest book is a *Handbook of the New Thought* (Putnam's; 6s. net).

What is New Thought? Hear Mr. Dresser: 'In brief it stands for "God in us," in contrast with the former idea of "God with us," or "God outside of the world." It stands for inner resources, and claims that these are supreme.'

This handbook is for those who, not yet accepting New Thought, wish to test that claim. It is, the author holds, the nearest approach to a scientific apologia yet published.

'In the struggle for national supremacy education is the vital factor.' So says Mr. V. Seymour Bryant, M.A., and makes good his assertion in *The Public School System in Relation to the Coming Conflict of National Supremacy* (Longmans; 1s. 6d. net). It is a strong plea for allotting to Science its rightful place in the education of the Public School boy.

When the Rev. E. C. Crosse, C.F., D.S.O., called his smallbook *The God of Battles* (Longmans; 1s. net), he used the phrase in a different sense from that of 'the Lord of Hosts,' whether that Biblical title means the Military God or the God of the Angels. Mr. Crosse accepts battles as part of God's purpose for the welfare of the race, and He is the God of Battles because He uses them as His instrument. It follows—and Mr. Crosse draws the conclusion unreservedly—that they who fall in battle go to be with Him. 'This does not of course mean that repentance is not an essential of Christianity. It is—but there is no reason to believe that God denies in the next world an opportunity for penitence to those who through their own heroism have cut short their chance on earth.'

The second edition of Professor S. J. Chapman's *Outlines of Political Economy* was issued in 1913. Already a third edition is out (Longmans; 6s. net). 'This third edition is the result of a thorough revision and partial expansion which have involved a complete resetting of the type. The use of the book for teaching had indicated many ways in which it could be improved; and further additions were rendered desirable by recent economic events connected with the war. Two final chapters on the development of Political Economy have also been added.'

Professor Chapman's 'Outlines' is the textbook for the student of Political Economy. And as

long as it is kept up to date in this fashion there will be no room for any other.

The Fernley Lectures represent the finest flowering of Methodist faith and scholarship. In every volume the scholar is a preacher and the preacher a scholar. The Lecture for 1917 was delivered by the Rev. W. T. A. Barber, D.D., who has been Head Master of the Leys School for twenty years, and who took *The Unfolding of Life* as his subject of lecture (Kelly; 3s. 6d. net).

It is a history of childhood and youth, up to the entrance upon the business of life, as they unfold themselves under the direction of tutors and governors. It is a history for the use of the tutors and governors. Very outspoken it is, that it may not be in vain; and very reverent that it may not be worse than in vain. And the author of it is not afraid to say that there is a secret even in education, a secret of success that may be expressed in a single word. The word is Adaptation. What adaptation demands of the teacher is certainly not omitted—the sympathy, the patience, the firmness; the gifts of intellect and imagination, the graces of Christ.

Yes, Christian graces and even Christian grace: for Dr. Barber has no opinion of the teaching that is not founded on religion. And when he speaks of religion he is strong enough to say that it is a natural thing for a child to have religion. It has not to be sown by the teacher; it has to be watered by him. This is high doctrine for a Wesleyan; but the Wesleyans who heard it were able to receive it.

A volume of short addresses or sermons by the late Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D., has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, under the title of *The Touch of Christ* (3s. 6d. net).

After all that Smuts has said and Haig has done there are pessimists in our midst. Put into their hands Mr. Basil Matthews' *Three Years' War for Peace* (Hodder & Stoughton; 1s. net). It omits no essential facts, but it interprets them. And it takes God into the reckoning.

The Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard University for 1898 (we think it was the first of the series) was delivered by Professor William James. It was afterwards published with the title of *Human*

Immortality. It has been often reprinted, and is now issued at sevenpence net (Constable). Two difficulties are met by Professor James: (1) That thought is a function of the brain and must perish with it; (2) that if every human being were to live on after death there would not be room for them all in God's universe.

Among the suggestions which will have to be considered when the men come home is that the Church should take more interest than hitherto in amusements. It is a difficult question. The Y.M.C.A. knows its difficulty. It has occasionally become burning or even blazing. Better not touch it? Better not run any risks whatever on this earth, if God will be so good as to let us off. But the men will come back.

In the United States of America the subject has been handled with characteristic boldness. The Church is in many instances a great club, with every known form of entertainment to be had on the premises. And there are officially constituted superintendents. Mr. Herbert Wright Gates, who has written a book on *Recreation and the Church* (Humphrey Milford; \$1 net), is Superintendent of Brick Church Institute and Director of Religious Education in Brick Church, Rochester, New York. He covers the whole subject and illustrates it. Here on page 59, for example, is a photograph of a game of indoor baseball. 'The boys' club,' we are told, 'is having a game which some of the members of the Men's Club have come in to watch. The church gymnasium provides entertainment for both players and spectators.'

But where does he draw the line? At dancing, card playing, the theatre? This is what he says: 'That there have been evils connected with these forms of amusement is unquestionably true, we do not always stop to consider just how true the statement is in this form. The evils are not inherent in the amusements themselves, but in the associations with which they have been connected. There are too many earnest, useful, Christian men and women who share in these forms of recreation to allow anyone successfully to combat this statement. Card playing and the dance may be innocent and pleasurable diversions, and the theatre may also be a source of genuine education and inspiration. To indulge in any of these amusements to the accompaniment of drinking or gambling, or to devote to them time that should

be given to work, study, or sleep, is hurtful and wrong; and such overindulgence is just as unrighteous in any other form of amusement. The wise, proper, and discriminating use of all amusements is the principle which sorely needs inculcating, rather than the indiscriminate condemnation of any certain class.'

The author of the new *Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi* in the 'Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges' (Cambridge: At the University Press; 2s. 6d. net) is the Hulsean Professor of Divinity, the Rev. W. Emery Barnes, D.D. That means scholarship with (what shall we call it?) liberal conservatism. It means the last word of scholarship according to the Cambridge standard, and the acceptance of the results of it, with a contempt for naturalistic hypotheses in all their shapes and forms.

Dr. Barnes has no opinion of the Revised Version of his prophets. The American Revision is better.

Notice his understanding of the title 'the Lord of Hosts.' 'Zechariah,' he says, 'does not think of JEHOVAH merely as the national God. Had this been the case he would not have felt the need of using any other name beside JEHOVAH, the "proper" name (as it may be called) of Israel's God. But in fact a double name JEHOVAH-Zebaoth ("the LORD of Hosts," E.V.) is constantly in the mouth of both Haggai and Zechariah. In this name two conceptions of God are united. As peculiarly the God of Israel He is called JEHOVAH; as filling all the Universe and possessing all the power and authority ascribed by the heathen to the heavenly bodies he is styled *Zēbāōth*. The LXX perceiving this have rightly rendered *Zēbāōth* by *pantocrator*, "Ruler of all things." This rule, Zechariah teaches, is actively exercised. The chariots of JEHOVAH go through the whole earth, like the messengers of a king, and the LORD Himself decides the fate both of Jerusalem and of the nations which oppress her.'

It is rarely possible to review books which deal with questions of sex. But *An Introduction to the Physiology and Psychology of Sex*, by Mr. S. Herbert, M.D., M.R.C.S. (A. & C. Black; 3s. 6d. net), may be noticed without hesitation. It is the work of an English physician of eminence who has written two volumes previously, the one on

Heredity and the other on Evolution, which are recognized as authoritative handbooks on their subjects. This is a medical book, but it has been written for the information of non-medical persons, who ought to know its contents.

Of all the nations who have entered the war against Germany (how many are they now?), the motives of Italy are most obscure to us. The book on *Italy and the War* which has been translated from the Italian by Annie Hamilton makes all clear (Bell; 2s. 6d. net). It contains ten articles by as many eminent and patriotic Italian authors. It covers the whole ground — except religion. The omission is significant and yet startling. The Moral reasons for the entrance of Italy are given most impressively by Professor Giorgio del Vecchio of Bologna, the Political reasons by Professor Pietro Bonfante of Pavia, the Commercial reasons by Professor Gino Arias of Genoa, and all the other reasons are given by others, but no one has suggested a religious reason.

Messrs. George Allen & Unwin have published the third edition of the first volume of Dr. George McCall Theal's *History of Africa, South of the Zambesi, from 1505 to 1795* (7s. 6d. net). It contains this notice: 'As the chapters dealing with a description of the Bushmen, Hottentots, and Bantu that appeared in previous editions of this history have been greatly enlarged, and are now published as a separate work entitled "The Yellow and Dark-skinned People of Africa south of the Zambesi," I have taken them out of this volume and have made use of the space they occupied to add information upon subjects closely connected with the occupation of part of South Africa by the Portuguese. I have also indexed this volume separately from the others of the series, in order to avoid mixing Portuguese names with those of different nationalities. Otherwise the alterations and additions made in the text upon close revision have been very few indeed, in many chapters none at all.'

The work is in three volumes. This volume contains the history of the Portuguese in South Africa from 1505 to 1795. The second describes the Foundation of the Cape Colony by the Dutch. The third gives an Account of the Dutch, Portuguese, Hottentots, and Bantu to September 1795. This work is followed by another in six volumes

which carries the History of South Africa from 1795 down to 1881.

The publishers make no mention of a work in two volumes in our possession, *History of South Africa under the Administration of the Dutch East India Company (1652 to 1795)*. Where does it come in?

A little book of *Letters on the Atonement*, by Mr. Raymond H. Huse (Methodist Book Concern; 50 cents), is worthy reading. It is addressed to the average business man and has little theology in it, as little as it is possible to have. Two things are made emphatic, the Fatherhood of God and the sanctification of man.

Firmly and satisfactorily has the government of the United States handled the subject of alcohol. But the people have been prepared by their preachers, and the government has been supported whole-heartedly by the Church. Such preaching as the people of the United States have listened to will be found in a volume of *Temperance Sermons*, by Various Authors, recently issued by the Methodist Book Concern of New York and Cincinnati (\$1 net). Its note is outspokenness. There is no fear of either saloon-keeper or pharisee.

It is a free and easy narrative that is found in the book with the free and easy title of *China*

Inside Out (Abingdon Press; \$1 net). The author is Dr. George A. Miller. Unconventional also and often amusing are the illustrations, looking as if they had dropped accidentally on the side of the page. Nevertheless this book gives us a good idea of the daily life of John Chinaman. And it records progress. Thus: 'It is all a part of the theory that children who die young are not real human babies, but demons of some sort who come in the form of children to make trouble and expense for the parents. Is it any wonder that such people live all their lifetime subject to the bondage and fear of death?

'What becomes of these babies who die young? Well, thanks to the missionary and his message, that matter is changing rapidly. The old baby towers are still in occasional use, but there are plenty of Chinese who have never known a baby to be left there alive. The dead babies are sometimes wrapped in grass or matting and taken out to be left there for the dogs. I never realized the sinister import of the expression, "Without are dogs," until I found this Chinese custom, now giving way to more Christian methods of caring for the dead. I had hard work to get a picture of these places; there was always some reason why we could "not go to-day," and when an obliging missionary took a photograph for me, the Chinese photographer who developed the films destroyed the negative. He was ashamed of it.'

A New Setting for the Teleological Argument.

BY THE REV. G. A. FRANK KNIGHT, M.A., F.R.S.E., GLASGOW.

THE Argument from Design for the Being of God has been worked out from many standpoints, and it, along with its companion proofs—the Ontological Argument, the Moral Argument, and the Cosmological Argument (to mention merely the best known)—has contributed to demonstrate that our faith in God is not a blind credulity, but a reasoned belief founded on the eternal laws of logic, and of scientific and intellectual truth. For while we may hold that the supreme argument for God's existence is Christ: 'No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.' Nevertheless other arguments for the exist-

ence of God have their place as showing the accord of revelation and reason.

The Teleological Argument reasons thus: 'If I see this universe exhibiting order, obeying definite laws, showing traces of intelligent adaptation to an end, it is legitimate for me to infer that at the back of all these phenomena is a wise Architect, whose beneficence and skill and wisdom are evidenced in the perfection of His handiwork.' This is precisely the argument used by the Psalmist: 'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?' It is unquestionably a cogent piece of reasoning. Everywhere around us we observe the reign of law

—the heavenly bodies obeying the most complex and recondite mathematical rules; the human frame a perfect museum of admirable contrivances for the fullest use by man of his bodily faculties; the eye, the hand, the ear, the muscular system, the circulatory organs, all marvellously suited to the work they have to perform. In the whole realm of Nature we find such innumerable traces of adaptation of organisms to function, and of organs to their environment, that the conviction inevitably arises within the mind that to account for all this exquisite order there must be a supreme wise Intelligence inspiring and directing all.

But it is asserted by some that Darwinism, with its doctrine of descent with modification, its theory of Natural Selection and the survival of the fittest, has rendered this argument wholly unsound. Whereas of old the fitness of an organism to its environment was regarded as the result of intentional adaptation, the new scientific view credits the fitness to the slow, unconscious action of environment on organism, producing in the course of ages development from a crude condition to a high state of functional perfection. What used to be ascribed to the wonderful pre-vision of God, and to His amazing foresight in fitting an organism to its environment, is now regarded as the product of an infinite number of struggles, and abortive attempts, and age-long strivings on the part of the living organism itself, till by its own perseverance, and by the inherited perseverance of the race to which it belongs, it has reached its present condition of suitability to its surroundings. In this way, when the principles of biology laid down in Darwin's *Origin of Species* were first made public, a shout of triumph broke from the materialists that at last there had been discovered a method of scientifically accounting for the order and beauty of the world apart from God, while at the same time there arose in many quarters a wail of despair from faint-hearted Christians as they imagined they saw their citadel of faith stormed and levelled with the ground.

After fifty-seven years the whole question at issue is looked at to-day from an entirely different standpoint. Materialists now see that Darwinism is inadequate to account for many phenomena of which they were formerly so cocksure, while Christians have discovered how groundless were their fears, and have realized that those principles of biology which seemed so alarming when first

uttered are now in a strong degree confirmatory of their most cherished faith.

One of the ways in which this change in opinion has been brought about is by the recognition that while Natural Selection as expounded by Darwin and Wallace, and amplified and modified so freely by men like Romanes, Gulick, and others, has unquestionably played a most important part in the production of species, in the modification of types, and in the elaboration of thousands of adaptations and contrivances tending towards perfection in the organic world; nevertheless *Natural Selection has absolutely nothing to do with the evolution of the Inorganic World*. No scientist to-day would risk his reputation for sanity by asserting that the earth, with its rocks, and seas, and mountains, is possessed of such life and plasticity and adaptability to changing environment that, under the influence of Natural Selection and the survival of the fittest, it can of itself strive towards producing a world that shall be as near physical perfection as possible. On the contrary the inorganic world is *dead*, and is destitute of any sentient capacity capable of directing it towards a definite goal. The earth is indeed subject to change. In the geological ages there have taken place slow secular movements of land and water, dislocations of strata, earthquakes, submergences, upheavals, vast floods, and so on; the various geological periods have sometimes been cold, sometimes tropical in climate, but all the while *the earth itself has had no control over these changes*. There was no Natural Selection inherent within it leading it on from a crude state to one more perfect.

Yet geology reveals in this connexion some remarkable facts. The stratified rocks of the earth's crust amount in thickness to 265,000 feet, or roughly fifty miles of rock. These fifty miles have been divided into four great eras—Eozoic, Palæozoic, Mesozoic, and Kainozoic. These eras, again, have been subdivided still further, until from the lowest rock stratum to the highest—that on which man lives and walks—there are now over a hundred zones or subdivisions recognized. Now the remarkable fact is this, that *of these hundred subdivisions of the earth's crust there is not one that is not to-day of direct economic value to man*. It is an extraordinary circumstance indeed. Here was the earth in process of making for a period which, for all we know, may have extended over three hundred million years. During this enormous stretch

of time fifty miles of rocks with a hundred different stratifications were laid down, representing every conceivable variation of temperature, climate, and salinity; vegetable, animal, and mineral productiveness, and so on. How is it possible to account for the fact that without exception every one of these hundred zones is of direct value to man unless there had been at work, guiding the earth in its evolution during these three hundred million years, a Supreme Intelligence, which we may call God? Had there not been this Divine superintendence, this Divine prescience as to what man in the far-off future ages would require, this Divine forethought in storing the earth with products which would be subservient to man's wants, how could the earth of itself—a mere dead inorganic substance—have advanced along this path? This profound fact is one for which Natural Selection provides no solution whatsoever.

Before I go further, however, I must prove my point that not one single stratum, from the lowest to the highest, is without some direct bearing on man's comfort, man's benefit, or man's economic service. I shall therefore briefly run through the various geological periods, mentioning some of the products of each from many others which I must, from consideration of space, pass over.

i. THE EZOIC ERA.—The rocks of the Archæan period—*Laurentian* and *Keewatin*—yield jasper and other precious stones; iron ore; lead, zinc, and other metallic ores; the vast copper deposits of Lake Superior; pottery clays from the disintegration of granitic rocks suitable for making china and porcelain ware; and nickel from New Zealand. The *Lower Huronian* rocks in Ontario and Quebec yield silver, cobalt, nickel, and bismuth.

ii. THE PALÆOZOIC ERA.—(1) The rocks of the *Cambrian* system are prolific in veins of gold, silver, and copper; in Bavaria they yield antimony; in Bohemia and in Canada they furnish deposits of graphite; in the Punjab they supply valuable stores of rock-salt; while the Cambrian rocks in North Wales produce the finest roofing slates in the world.

(2) The *Ordovician* system in the Trenton formation of the United States is singularly productive of natural oil and gas; the Central Tennessee limestone contains large deposits of rock phosphates; in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and in Sardinia the Ordovician series exhibit valuable ores

of lead and zinc; the graphite strata of Borrowdale in Cumberland and of New South Wales are of economic importance; while the celebrated gold-bearing reefs of Bendigo have already produced £75,000,000. Red and brown hæmatite are also found in this system.

(3) The *Silurian* rocks produce limestones valuable for lime and for building stone; they supply rock-salt and gypsum in deposits of great commercial value in the State of New York; tin and kaolin are obtained from them in Alaska; gold at Ballarat; quicksilver in the Sierra Morena, Spain; and anthracite from Ireland.

(4) The *Devonian* system is the chief source of natural oil and gas in Pennsylvania and New York; the Middle Devonian rocks are the main oil-bearing strata in Ontario; in Central Tennessee the rock phosphates are very valuable; the strata in Westphalia yield rich ores of zinc, galena, calamine, and iron pyrites. In Scotland the *Old Red Sandstone* flags of Caithness, of similar horizon with the Devonian rocks, are of great utility for pavements; while certain Devonian sands found in England, the United States, Brazil, and New Zealand are of service in the manufacture of glass.

(5) The *Carboniferous* system is of incalculable value to man as the great coal reservoir for industrial and domestic use. The Carboniferous rocks yield annually one thousand million tons of coal of the value of £500,000,000. Ironstone is produced from them in enormous quantity in Great Britain and Western Europe; limestone is obtained for building, for making mortar, and for agricultural purposes; while the same System produces alum for sulphuric acid from its shales; lead in Flintshire and Derbyshire; oil shales in Scotland; shales for bricks, tiles, coarse pottery, and sanitary ware; hæmatite in South Wales, Cumberland, and Lancashire; clays suitable for making into fireclay tiling, and ganister adapted for the lining of furnaces. The *Millstone Grit* yields grindstones and millstones; while calcium chloride is obtained from Michigan, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Nauheim, and other rocks of the same age.

(6) The *Permian* rocks give us vast quantities of rock-salt, gypsum, and some copper; the rock-salt of Strassfurt in Prussia is 1200 feet thick, followed by a zone of potassium and magnesium salts 150 feet thick. In Kansas there are beds of rock-salt and gypsum; the shales at Mausfeld

in Saxony have for many centuries been a prolific source of copper, and copper is also obtained from Permian strata at Kokand in Turkestan. There are oil-shales of this System in New South Wales; cobalt and silver deposits in Bohemia and Saxony as well as manganese to make permanganate of potash; spiegeleisen, manganese steel, and chlorine in the Erzgebirge; cobalt, asbolene, and barytes from the *Zechstein* of Thuringia; and red clay from Nottingham to make into flowerpots and bricks.

iii. THE MESOZOIC ERA.—(1) The *Trias* rocks in England contain valuable beds of rock-salt. Great rock-salt and gypsum deposits are found also in Texas and South Dakota. The *Trias* rocks of the English Midlands are 3000 feet thick, and yield an unending supply of material for brick-making; the red sandstones and dolomitic limestones are admirable for building purposes. Tin is found in the *Trias* rocks of Yunnan in China; coals in Turkestan; the exquisite marbles of Carrara, so world-famous, are from the *Trias* of the Apennines. There are copper deposits in California; limestones in Idria and Carniola yielding the celebrated quicksilver mines; valuable hæmatite and limonite deposits in the *Trias* of the Alps and of the Carpathians; silver veins in the *Bunter Sandstone* of Baden and the Black Forest; zinc in the *Muschelkalk* mines of Silesia; and plaster of Paris from plaster stone in Nottingham.

(2) The *Lias* formations yield valuable limestones and ironstones in Yorkshire; the impure earthy limestones of the Midlands, when calcined and pulverized, form a natural hydraulic cement of great value, while Portland cement is of this *Lias* formation. In Tuscany the *Lias* rocks produce tin and brown hæmatite; Yorkshire is rich in shales which yield alum, and its clays are of great importance for making bricks, tiles, drain-pipes, chimney-cans, and flowerpots. The marcasite form of pyrite, when decomposed, produces sulphuric acid.

(3) The *Inferior Oolite*, a division of the *Jurassic*, yields bands of ironstone and coal in Yorkshire, besides producing excellent building stone.

(4) *Fuller's Earth* is composed of clays so useful in the fulling of cloth that the stratum has earned for itself this distinctive name.

(5) The *Oolitic Cornbrash*, which forms a thin bed of earthy limestone, 5 to 40 feet in thickness, has secured for itself this title from the abundant crops of grain produced on its decomposed soils.

(6) The *Callovia* blue clay is specially useful in brickmaking and in fireclay tiles.

(7) The *Oxford Clay* provides admirable materials in the manufacture of bricks.

(8) The *Coralline Crag* yields very valuable limestones and ironstones.

(9) The *Kimmeridgian* and *Purbeck Clays* supply very good brickmaking material, and they provide clay adapted for making sanitary stoneware and rough pottery. The corresponding strata in Peru yield quicksilver and sulphide of arsenic.

(10) The *Cretaceous* system furnishes us with chalk and other limestones of great value; lime for cement and agriculture; lignitic coal in the Laramie beds of North America; brown coal in New Zealand; sodium sulphate in North America; bauxite from Baux in France as an ore of aluminium, while the *Kentish Rag* is extensively used for building stone. The *Weald Clays* are very valuable for brickmaking; the *Lower Greensand* furnishes silicious sands of use in glass-making; the *Gault* yields a good brick clay, and mixed with chalk produces an excellent malm brick.

iv. THE KAINOZOIC ERA.—(1) The *Eocene* strata of Texas give layers of salt, gypsum, and lignite; the Laki series in India contribute valuable coal seams in the Punjab and Assam; in Tasmania and New Zealand there are bituminous coals of great importance; in California the *Eocene* nitrates are of commercial value; while the London Clay-beds are excellent for bricks and terra-cotta.

(2) The *Oligocene* strata near Königsberg in Pomerania yield amber in large quantities as the fossil resin of pines; while the same beds furnish the famous pottery clays of Dorsetshire.

(3) The *Miocene* is responsible for the enormous salt mountain at Wieliczka in Poland; for the salt in the Salt Range in the Punjab; for coal-beds in Greenland, Spitzbergen, Victoria, and New Zealand; for iron, lead, zinc, arsenic, barytes, gypsum, and brown coal mined in Transylvania; and for the valuable oil-bearing strata of Burma and Assam.

(4) The *Pliocene* rocks form the gold drifts of Victoria and New South Wales, as well as the lignites of Ireland.

(5) The *Pleistocene* strata yield peat, tin, and platinum bearing gravels, diamond and ruby alluvial soils.

(6) The *Recent* deposits, mainly volcanic, supply the world with fumarolic sulphur from Vesuvius,

Etna, etc. The volcanic regions of Japan and New Zealand are of great economic value by furnishing compounds of chlorine for bleaching purposes, fluorine, boron, sulphur, etc.; while zinc, copper, and lead sulphates are found in the vicinity of intrusive dykes. Asphalt is obtained from lakes such as the Dead Sea, and that in Trinidad.¹

I have thus run rapidly over the main subdivisions of the crust of the earth (omitting for the sake of brevity some of the smaller zones, and many of the products of the larger zones) that the question may be fairly put—here is a world stocked with every conceivable article which can be of use to man, for food, for industry, for commerce, for medicinal purposes; its rocks teem with coal, iron, lime, pottery clays, metals, minerals, chemicals, precious gems, gold, silver, mercury, and a hundred other commodities, in short with everything that man can conceivably need for his existence, his comfort, his warmth, his wealth, his work—was it Natural Selection that produced such a world? Impossible; in the case of absolutely inert and dead inorganic substances there can be no such force in operation as the ‘survival of the fittest’ and ‘descent with modification.’ Was it Chance, then, that stocked the earth’s crust with all these myriad useful commodities? Equally impossible. Would Chance have so arranged the various strata of these fifty miles of rock, that while the strata themselves were deposited horizontally far beneath the level of the ocean, every one of them was subsequently raised above sea-level, tilted on edge, superimposed

by other strata, and generally rendered accessible to man? Had mere Chance been at work, then the coal-beds of the world, on which our commercial prosperity rests, might have been so many miles below the earth’s crust that man would never have discovered them, or if he had discovered them, he might never have been able to extract them for his practical use. Had mere Chance been at work, the upper rocks might all have been dolerite, or gneiss, or granite, and from such hard stones it is futile to dream of extracting chalk, or asphalt, or cement, or coal. Had mere Chance been at work, then, in short, the whole series of rocks might have been so placed that all those capable of being of economic value to man might have been at the foot, buried under vast mountains of superincumbent strata, and all those at the top might have been such that from them neither coal nor iron, neither clay nor chemicals, neither minerals nor metals could have been extracted. Placed thus on a surface whose rocks yielded nothing of utility or of practical service, man would have remained a mere primitive savage, incapable of rising above the level of the brute beasts, condemned from the hour of his creation to the same scale of primeval civilization.

As it is thus abundantly evident that Chance cannot explain the marvellous wealth of those different layers of the earth’s crust, there is only one other logical position, and that is, that the world is the work of One who superintended the deposition of these strata, and who with profound wisdom and foreknowledge of man’s needs, prepared each zone with materials which would ultimately be of benefit to man, and then through slow telluric processes raised each stratum to the surface so that man could have access to their treasures. And so we come back to the familiar words of our hymn, and discover afresh how true they are:

This earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old.

¹ These facts may be verified by reference to the following works: Sir Arch. Geikie, F.R.S., *Textbook of Geology*, 1882, and subsequent editions; J. D. Kendall, F.G.S., *The Iron Ores of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1893; Professor Eduard Suess, *Das Antlitz d. Erde* (Eng. tr., *The Face of the Earth*, vol. i., 1904); H. H. Thomas and D. A. MacAlister, *The Geology of Ore Deposits*, 1909; Professor James Park, *Textbook of Mining Geology*, 1911, and *A Textbook of Geology*, 1914; and Alfred B. Searle, *An Introduction to British Clays, Shales, and Sands*, 1912.

The Archaeology of the Book of Genesis.

BY THE REV. A. H. SAYCE, D.D., LL.D., D.LITT., PROFESSOR OF ASSYRIOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Chapter x.

II. As we have seen, we must translate 'From that land he went forth to Assur.' Assur, now Kalat Sherqat, on the west bank of the Tigris, a little to the north of its junction with the Lower Zab, was the original seat of the high priests of Assur, who eventually made themselves independent of Babylonia and assumed the title of kings. It was of Mitannian foundation, unless Nineveh, which seems to have been a Semitic colony from the older Ninâ or Nineveh in Babylonia. The name of Nineveh, which stood on the east bank of the Tigris, opposite the modern Mossul, is written both Ninâ and Ninua in the inscriptions, the second form being the origin of the Biblical form of the name. Ideographically the name is punningly expressed by a fish (*nunu*) inside a town; etymologically, however, *nunu* and *Ninua* have no connexion. The Semitic builders of Nineveh dedicated it to the goddess Istar (or Nina), around whose sanctuary the city rose. Nimrod, it will be remembered, was a 'hero-huntsman before Yahweh,' the God of Shem (Gn 9²⁶), and Shem was the father of Asshur.

Schrader and Delitzsch have pointed out that Rehoboth 'Ir is the *Rêbit Uru* (*Ninâ*) of the inscriptions of Sargon and Esar-haddon, above which were the 'Marchland (*Muzri*) mountains.' The name means 'the open squares' or market-place 'of the city' which stood in front of the gates.

Calah (Ass. Kalkhu), now *Nimrûd*, about 18 miles south of Nineveh at the junction of the Tigris and Upper Zab, was built by Shalmaneser I. (1300 B.C.), who also built a palace at Nineveh which he made a royal residence instead of Assur. Calah subsequently fell into decay, but was restored by Assur-natsir-pal (885-860 B.C.), who enclosed it within a wall about 5 miles in circumference and peopled it with the captives he had brought from his campaigns. Under him and his son Shalmaneser II. it became for a time the capital of Assyria.

12. Resen is the Assyrian Res-eni, 'the Source

of the Spring,' a place from which Sennacherib in the Bavian inscription states that he brought water to Nineveh. It seems to be the Larissa (*al Reseni*, 'town of Resen') of Xenophon.

If the note—'the same is the great city' or 'capital'—refers to Calah, as grammatically it ought to do, it should belong to the age of Assur-nazir-pal and Shalmaneser. It cannot refer to the great fortified triangle of the Second Assyrian Empire which was enclosed between the Tigris and Zab, and included Nineveh, Calah, and Dur-Sargina (Khorsabad), since Dur-Sargina, which was built by Sargon, is not mentioned in the text. The note, however, appears to have been originally marginal like the note in v.¹⁴, and like the latter may therefore have made its way into the text in the wrong place.

13, 14. In the prophetic books (Jer 46⁹) the Ludim that are associated with Egypt are the Lydian mercenaries sent by Gyges to Psammetichus I., the founder of the twenty-sixth dynasty, by whose aid, according to Assur-bani-pal, the Egyptian king succeeded in freeing his country from the Assyrians. By Herodotus they are more specifically called Carians and Ionians, who at that time were Lydian subjects. But the prophetic use of the name must be another illustration of the adaptation of an old geographical term, the meaning of which had been forgotten, to more modern conditions; here in Genesis the Ludim are the first-born of Mizraim, and therefore ought to be the native Egyptians themselves in contradistinction to those who were merely Egyptian subjects. Hence it is probably the Egyptian *lodu*, 'men,' more especially the 'members of an Egyptian family,' which is used of the Egyptian people generally in the hieroglyphic texts.

Professor Naville is doubtless right in seeing in the Anamim the 'Anu of the Egyptian monuments, that is to say, the Semitic Beduin on the eastern side of Egypt whose subjection is recorded on the earliest monuments. The first *m*, however, is difficult to account for, and it is therefore possible

that we have in the name a combination of the 'Anu and the 'Amu or Semitic Asiatics. If so, the word would resemble a 'conflate' text.

The Lehabim are the Lebu or Libyans who occupied an important place in Egyptian history as mercenaries, and eventually under Sheshonq or Shishak founded the twenty-second dynasty.

The two foreign elements in the Egyptian population are followed by the two divisions of that population itself. The Pathrusim are the inhabitants of Pathros (Is 11¹¹), Egyptian Pa-to-ris, 'the South land,' and in the Naphtuhim, therefore, we must have the inhabitants of Northern or Lower Egypt. The capital of Lower Egypt was Memphis, the sacred name of which was Hâ(t)-ka-Ptah, 'the House of the Double of Ptah,' which is written Khikuptakh in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, thus verifying Brugsch's suggestion that it was the origin of the Greek Ἀγυπτος, Egypt. In Naphtuhim we clearly have the name of Ptah, the god of Memphis; the initial nasal is more difficult to explain. Ebers makes it the Egyptian plural article *na* and supposes the name to mean 'they of Ptah.' The Septuagint 'Nephthaleim' is corrupt.

The last pair of Mizraim's offspring are Kasluhim and Caphtorim. Instead of Kasluhim the Septuagint has Khasmônieim; Kasluhim, however, is shown to be right by the Ptolemaic geographical list at Kom Ombo which contains Kasluhet as well as Kaphtar. The discoveries of Dr. A. J. Evans and others in Krete have made it clear that the Caphtorim are the Kaftiu or Kaftu of the Egyptian monuments, and that the latter are the Kretans of the 'Minoan' age. The final *r* of Caphtor will be a suffix. The Philistines came from Caphtor (Jer 47⁴, Am 9⁷); consequently the marginal note which is attached to Casluhim has been introduced into the text in the wrong place. The early Jewish Aramaic papyri of Elephantinê explain how this could have happened. A marginal note or correction is written over the line to which it belongs, and a scribe could therefore easily attach it to the last word over which it stands instead of the first word to which it actually belonged.

The Philistines took possession of Southern Palestine after the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons during, or immediately after, the reign of Meneptah, the son and successor of Ramses II. The Pulasta, as they are called, were one of the northern nations who, along with the Danaans and others, were overthrown by Ramses III. Their

defeat saved Egypt itself, but henceforth they blocked the road to Canaan through their occupation of Gaza and the neighbouring cities. That Casluhim and Caphtorim should be mentioned instead of them implies that they had not as yet settled in Palestine. In that case they ought to have been included in the sons of Canaan. Why Casluhim and Caphtorim should be called the offspring of Mizraim we do not yet know. The lid of an alabaster vase with the cartouches of the Hyksos king Khian has been found at Knossos, and a hymn in honour of Thothmes III. seems to imply that Pharaoh claimed sovereignty over Krete, but nothing has been discovered in the Delta which would show that there was a Kretan settlement there. However, both in the Fayyûm and at Karnak, Kretan pottery and figurines of what Dr. Evans terms 'Middle Minoan II.' have been found among remains of the twelfth dynasty.

15. According to this verse, Sidon, 'the fishing-town,' would have been the first built of the Canaanite or Phœnician cities. In the Homeric Poems the Phœnicians are still known as 'Sidonians.' But in the Tel el-Amarna age, Tyre, Gebal, and Arvad were already on a footing of equality with Sidon; indeed, Gebal seems to have been a more important place. Since, however, Herodotus (ii. 44) states that the temple of Melkarth at Tyre was erected about 2700 B.C., there would have been plenty of time for the sister-cities of Sidon to have become its rivals. After the reign of Hiram I., the contemporary of David and Solomon, Tyre became the leading state in Phœnicia.

Next to the premier city of Canaan, and before the other Canaanitish towns, comes Heth, that is to say, the Hittites. The prominent position thus assigned to Heth, among the offspring of Canaan, has been explained by recent archæological discovery. In the Mosaic age the Hittites were the leading power in Syria and Palestine. A stele in the Louvre (C 1), dated in the reigns of the first two kings of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty, refers to the destruction of 'Hittite' settlements in the southern part of Palestine (see Sayce, *Archæology of the Cuneiform Inscriptions*, p. 206), and Professor J. L. Myres has shown that the painted pottery found in the pre-Israelitish strata at Lachish and Gezer is of Hittite origin (*Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, 1903, xxxiii. pp. 367-400). Hittite mercenaries were in the pay of the governors and petty princes of Canaan in the Tel el-

Amarna period, and their leaders from time to time made themselves masters of its states. They were followed by the regular army of 'the great king of the Hittites,' and the Tel el-Amarna tablets enable us to follow the Hittite advance and the substitution of Hittite for Egyptian rule in Syria. The cuneiform tablets discovered at Boghaz Keui, the Hittite capital north of the Halys, prove how completely Syria and the larger part of Canaan fell under Hittite domination; the king of the Amorites became a Hittite vassal, and was appointed or deposed at the will of his Hittite overlord. For a while the Hittite advance was checked by Seti I., and Ramses II. of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, and the boundaries of the Hittite and Egyptian empires were fixed pretty nearly where the northern border of Palestine was afterwards drawn; but in the reign of Menepthah, the successor of Ramses II., the Egyptian garrisons were withdrawn from the south of Palestine, and from that time onwards to the invasion of the northern nations (about 1200 B.C.) the Hittites had a free hand in Canaan.¹

¹ Menepthah was still in possession of the district of Jerusalem in the third year of his reign when the Egyptian government received a letter from one of its officials on the Canaanite frontier announcing the arrival of 'the captains of the archers of the Well of Menepthah which is in the highlands' (*Select Papyri of the British Museum*, Pl. V. and VI.). The Well or Fountain of Menepthah is named in Jos 15⁹ 18¹⁵, where מִינְפֹתָח has been pointed מִינְפֹתָח, 'waters of Nephtoah.' We gather from these passages that the place was a little to the west of Jerusalem.

The Hittites were not Semitic either in race or in language, and consequently though the leading people in the Canaan of the Mosaic age—but, be it noted, not later—could not be described as 'the first-born' of Canaan. They had retreating chins and foreheads, large protrusive nose and jaws, scanty beard, black eyes and hair, and yellow skin. They wore 'pig-tails,' and even in Syria retained their snow-shoes with upturned ends. Linguistically their language was of an 'Asiatic' type, like that of Mitanni and the cuneiform inscriptions of pre-Aryan Armenia.

With the invasion of the northern tribes of Phrygo-Thracian origin, and the conquest of Palestine by the Philistines and Israelites, Hittite power and influence disappeared, and after the Mosaic age Heth could no longer be described as a son of Canaan. But so completely had Canaan been dominated by him, that the Assyrians, who first became acquainted with it in the days when it had already passed under Hittite influence, continued to the last to call it 'the land of the Hittites.' Shalmaneser II. terms the kings of Israel, Arvad and Ammon, 'kings of the country of the Hittites'; for Sargon the inhabitants of Ashdod are 'Hittites,' and Sennacherib describes his campaign against Hezekiah as made against 'the land of the Hittites.' While Canaan was 'the land of the Amorites' for the Babylonians, it was 'the land of the Hittites' for the Assyrians, who first knew it when the Hittites had become the dominant power.

In the Study.

What is Faith?

Towards an Anthology.

BENJAMIN JOWETT—Faith may be spoken of, in the language of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as the substance of things unseen. But what are the things unseen? Not only an invisible world ready to flash through the material at the appearance of Christ; not angels, or powers of darkness, or even God Himself 'sitting,' as the Old Testament described, 'on the circle of the heavens'; but the kingdom of truth and justice, the things that are within, of which God is the centre, and with which

men everywhere by faith hold communion. Faith is the belief in the existence of this kingdom; that is, in the truth and justice and mercy of God, who disposes all things—not, perhaps, in our judgment for the greatest happiness of His creatures, but absolutely in accordance with our moral notions. And that this is not seen to be the case here, makes it a matter of faith that it will be so in some way that we do not at present comprehend. He that believes on God believes, first, that He is; and, secondly, that He is the Rewarder of them that seek Him.—*The Epp. of St. Paul*, ii. 268.

JOHN WESLEY—I now considered Dr. Erskine's account of saving faith. He asserts (if I comprehend him right): 'It is, in general, an assent to the word of God, in which there is a light, a glory, a brightness, which believers, and they only, perceive. In particular, it is an assent of the understanding to the gospel method of salvation; in which there is an excellency and glory which only believers see. A supernatural conviction of this is faith.' But, if this be his judgment, why does he quarrel with me? For how marvellously small is the difference between us! Only change the word *assent* for *conviction* (which certainly better answers St. Paul's word, *πίστις*), and do we not come within a hair's-breadth of each other? I do not quarrel with the definition of faith in general—'a supernatural assent to the word of God'; though I think a 'supernatural conviction of the truths contained in the word of God' is clearer. I allow, too, that the Holy Spirit enables us to perceive a peculiar light and glory in the word of God, and particularly in the gospel method of salvation; but I doubt whether saving faith be, properly, an assent to this light and glory. Is it not rather an assent (if we retain the word) to the truths which God has revealed; or, more particularly, a divine conviction that 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself'?—*The Journal of John Wesley*, v. 338:

JOHN RUSKIN—Faith. I have not yet given any definitions of the final senses in which I use this word, so that it is of no use to refer to the detached places in which it occurs; but generally it will be found to be taken as the equivalent of noble or true imagination (the substance of things hoped for—the evidence of things not seen).—*The Works of Ruskin*, xxvii. 347.

THOMAS ARNOLD—But now comes the question, What is faith? And as an answer to it I have chosen the words of the text: 'It is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' That is to say, it is that feeling or faculty within us, by which the future becomes to our minds greater than the present: and what we do not see, more powerful to influence us than what we do see.—*Sermons: Christian Life at School*, 2.

PERCY GARDNER—In its lowest and most rudimentary form it consists, at all events for civilised

people, in that confidence in the uniformity of nature, that trust in the continual properties of material things which I have already mentioned. But it is hardly worthy of the name of religious faith unless it goes further into the realm of good and evil. Here its essence lies in the belief, sustained by a continuous will to believe, that a beneficent and wise Power lies behind the visible world; that the working of the universe, if it could be understood, would be found to be essentially kind and good to man; that life is worth living; and that it is, in the long run, wise to do what it is our duty to do.—*Modernity and the Churches*, 54.

P. T. FORSYTH—God in Christ came forth in sacrifice and blood for righteousness' sake. He came to magnify His holy name in a propitiation through judgment that created the new man. To trust this eternal Act of love, and make it the principle of our life's whole carriage, is faith.—*The Christian Ethic of War*, 190.

PHILLIPS BROOKS—Faith is simply the soul's grasp, a larger or a smaller act according to the largeness or smallness of the object grasped; of one size for a fact, of another for a friend, of another for a principle, but always the soul's grasp, the entrance of the soul into its true and healthy relationship to the object which is offered to it.—*Seeking Life*, 243.

W. HAY M. H. AITKEN—It may be generally defined as a definite moral attitude of confidence and trust, assumed by a conscious subject towards an external object, springing from and accompanied by an intellectual conviction with respect to the nature of that object. I will not affirm that this definition is absolutely complete and in all respects accurate, but it will at all events serve to bring before us the leading characteristics of that evangelical faith upon which Holy Scripture represents so much as depending.—*The Revealer Revealed*, 99.

J. H. NEWMAN—What is meant by faith? It is to feel in good earnest that we are creatures of God; it is a practical perception of the unseen world; it is to understand that this world is not enough for our happiness, to look beyond it on towards God, to realize His presence, to wait upon Him, to endeavour to learn and to do His will, and

to seek our good from Him. It is not a mere temporary strong act or impetuous feeling of the mind, an impression or a view coming upon it, but it is a *habit*, a state of mind, lasting and consistent. To have faith in God is to surrender one's self to God, humbly to put one's interests, or to wish to be allowed to put them into His hands who is the Sovereign Giver of all good.—*Parochial and Plain Sermons*, iii. 79.

Jehu.

A STUDY OF DIVINE INSTRUMENTALITY.

'And Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel.'—1 Kings 19¹⁶.

I.

THE HISTORY.

1. In that wonderful revelation vouchsafed to Elijah at Mount Horeb (1 Kings 19¹⁻⁸) God had bidden His servant anoint Jehu to be king over Israel—as He, the supreme King of Israel, and the Lord of all souls had the unquestionable right to do—in order that the judgment on Ahab's house should be fulfilled. But Elijah himself had been translated (2 Kings 2¹¹) before the anointing of Jehu could take place; and the duty had devolved on Elisha his successor.

Jehu was the commanding officer in the army of Jehoram, which was conducting operations against the Syrian army under Hazael at the important fortress of Ramoth-gilead, a bone of contention since the days of Ahab, and now held by Israel. The severe wounds sustained by King Jehoram necessitated his retirement to Jezreel. This was the opportunity of which Elisha and the party of insurrection availed themselves. One of the 'sons of the prophets' was dispatched by Elisha to Ramoth-gilead with a flask of oil and a commission to take Jehu from the group of officers which surrounded him into an inner chamber, anoint him there, and instantly withdraw in flight. These instructions were faithfully carried out. On Jehu's return to the officers' quarters, he was eagerly interrogated as to the meaning of this mysterious visit from the frenzied prophetic messenger.

When they learned the truth it was as if a spark had been set to a train long prepared. There was not a moment's hesitation. The officers tore off

their military cloaks, and spread them under his feet, where he stood on the top of the stairs leading down into the court. As he stood on this extempore throne, with no seat but the steps covered by the carpeting of the square pieces of cloth, they blew the well-known blast of the ram's horn which always accompanied the inauguration of a king of Israel.

¶ Every human activity is evoked by three impelling causes, by feeling, by reason, and by suggestion, by that property which the physicians call hypnosis. At times a man acts only under the influence of feeling, striving to obtain what he wishes; at other times he acts under the influence of reason alone, which points out to him what he ought to do; at other times again, and this most frequently, a man acts because he has suggested to himself and has had suggested to him by others a certain action and he unconsciously submits to this suggestion. Under normal conditions of life all three factors take part in man's activity.¹

2. The course of Jehu was now fixed. He mounted his chariot, and armed himself with his bow and quiver. A large part of the army followed him. Crossing the Jordan, they passed through the wide opening of the valley between Little Hermon and Bilboa, and advanced upon Jezreel.

From the tower of Jezreel a watchman 'spied the company of Jehu,' and gave notice. Two messengers sent out to him he detained on the same principle of secrecy which had guided all his movements; nor was it till he had almost reached the city that alarm was taken. Even then the two kings in Jezreel (Jehoram of Israel and Ahaziah of Judah) seem to have anticipated news from the war in Syria rather than a revolution at home. It was only when Jehu (in answer to Jehoram's question, 'Is it peace, Jehu?') broke out in fierce denunciation of Jezebel that they saw their danger. They turned to flee: Jehu seized the opportunity, and, taking full aim at Jehoram with the bow (which, as captain of the host, he always carried with him), he shot him through the heart. At Jehu's orders the body was thrown into the field of Naboth, taken so wickedly by Jehoram's father; and Jehu paused a moment to recall to Bidkar how both of them, while riding in attendance upon Ahab, had heard the words 'the Lord lay this burden upon him.' They had been spoken by Elijah, but Jehu did not mention the human mouthpiece; the important point was that they came from God. Jehu had impressed himself, as

¹ Leo N. Tolstoy.

he impressed others, with the exact fulfilment of God's word.

Can he choose but fear
Who feels his God so near?

There is, however, no trace in Jehu of godly fear; he proceeds with the bloody work as if he revelled in it!

¶ On July 14th we see the people of Paris assailing the Bastille, that symbol to them of despotism and tyranny, only to find that after all in that dreaded prison are only seven prisoners—one an imbecile, three coiners—and lead them off in triumph, not without an irreverent touch of the ridiculous. But it was the first blow of the new movement. When Louis heard of it he remarked in surprise: 'Why, this is a revolt!' 'No, sire,' said the Duc de Liancourt, 'it is a revolution.' The duke was right indeed.¹

3. Without compunction Jehu ordered Ahaziah to be slain, and pushed on to Jezreel.

In the meantime Jezebel had heard the news of the insurrection, and dressing herself in her finery, looked out of the palace window, and waited. Jehu returned to Jezreel and rode towards the palace gate. He was hailed by the mockery of the queen, who flung the taunt, 'Is it peace, O Zimri, his master's murderer?' meaning, 'Is there to be peace between me and such a traitor as you with your brief tenancy of power?' The narrator who portrays the lurid facts sheds no ray of chivalry on Jehu's relentless ferocity. The queen at his bidding was flung by the attendant eunuchs from the lofty upper window into the courtyard below, close to his chariot wheels, and suffered instant death. Jehu feasted within the palace in cold-blooded indifference until the thought of the yet unburied queen prompted the command that the 'accursed' should receive the rights of sepulture due to her dignity and rank. This, however, the carrion kites and scavenger dogs had already rendered superfluous.

Jehu's *coup de main* had been brilliantly successful. In one day he had leapt into the throne. But Samaria was strong upon its watch-tower hill. It was full of Ahab's sons, and had not yet declared on Jehu's side. Jehu succeeded in getting the holders of power in the capital, and also the heads of the families and the tutors of the royal princes, to declare for him, and to promise that they would execute his commands. His demand was the heads of seventy royal princes. They fell, and,

packed in baskets, were sent to Jezreel. Jehu, in face of the terrified mob, boasted that he has the word of Jehovah's promise.

4. It was immediately after this that he came across a figure who might have reminded him of Elijah himself. It was Jehonadab the son of Rechab—that is, the son of the 'Rider'—an Arab chief of the Kenite tribe, who was the founder or second founder of one of those Nazirite communities which had grown up in the kingdom of Israel, and which in this instance combined a kind of monastic discipline with the manners of the Bedouin race from whom they were descended. He was of the tribe which had produced a Jael. Jonadab had something of the fierce, fanatical spirit of the ancient chieftainess, who, in her own tent, had dashed out with the tent-peg the brains of Sisera. His very name, 'The Lord is noble,' indicated that he was a worshipper of Jehovah, and his fierce zeal showed him to be a genuine Kenite.

Jehu knew that the stern fanaticism of the Kenite Emir would rejoice in his exterminating zeal, and he recognized that the friendship and countenance of this 'good man and just,' as Josephus calls him, would add strength to his cause, and enable him to carry out his dark design. He therefore blessed him. 'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with thy heart?' he asked, after he had returned the greeting of Jehonadab. 'It is,' answered the vehement Rechabite. 'If it be, give me thine hand,' he said; and grasping the Arab by the hand, he pulled him up into his chariot—the highest distinction he could bestow upon him—and bade him come and witness his zeal for Jehovah.

Arrived in Samaria itself, Jehu prepared a horrible blood-bath for the worshippers of the Tyrian Baal. A splendid festival was announced in the temple at Samaria; the whole heathen population of Israel was summoned; the sacrifices were ready; the sacred vestments were brought out; all the worshippers of Baal were there; all the servants of Jehovah, as unworthy of the sacred mysteries, were excluded. The king himself was the first to enter, and offer the victims to the heathen gods. There was nothing in that unmoved countenance to betray the secret. Even the king and the anchorite were able to the last moment to preserve the mask of conformity to the Phœnician worship. They completed their sacrifice, and

¹ H. G. Graham, *Literary and Historical Essays*, 99.

left the temple. Round about the building were eighty men, consisting of the king's own immediate officers and bodyguard. They were entrusted with the double charge, first of preventing the escape of any one, and, secondly, of striking the deadly blow. They entered, and the temple was strewn with corpses, which, as fast as they fell, the guards and the officers threw out with their own hands. At last, when the bloody work was over, they found their way to the inner sanctuary, which towered like a fortress above the rest. There, as we have seen, Baal was seated aloft, with the gods of Phœnicia round him. The wooden images, small and great, were dragged from their thrones and burnt. The pillar or statue of Baal which Joram had removed was also shattered. The temple was razed to the ground, and its site known in after-days only as the depository of all the filth of the town.

¶ In the state of war in which a tribe existed in old times, threatened on every side, there was no greater gratification, under the sway of the strictest morality of custom, than cruelty. Cruelty is one of the oldest festal and triumphal joys of mankind. It was thought that the gods, too, might be gratified and festively disposed by offering them the sight of cruelties—and thus the idea insinuated itself into the world that voluntary self-torture, mortification, and abstinence are also of great value, not as discipline, but as a sweet savour unto the Lord.¹

II.

THE MAN.

I. Outward habits give a clue to character. It is so in Jehu's case. That 'driving furiously' for which he was famous is typical of his conduct—his bent of mind. From first to last we read of no delay, no hesitation, no relenting, or turning back in Jehu's life. Throughout 'he drove furiously.' His firmness and determination are altogether remarkable. He was pre-eminently a man of action.

And Jehu had 'driven furiously' to some purpose. Secrecy and swiftness joined to unhesitating severity had crushed the dynasty of Ahab, which fell unlamented and unsupported, as if lightning-struck. The nobler elements had gathered to Jehu, as represented by the Rechabite, Jehonadab. Jehu first secured his position, and then smote the Baal worship as heavily and conclusively as he had done the royal family. He struck once, and struck no more; for the single blow pulverized.

¹ G. Brandes, *Friedrich Nietzsche*, 27.

From the merely human point of view, we may say that revolutions are not made with rose-water, and that, at all crises in a nation's history, when some ancient evil is to be thrown off, and some powerful system is to be crushed, there will be violence, at which easy-going people who have never passed through like times will hold up their hands in horror and with cheap censure. No doubt we have a higher law than Jehu knew, and Christ has put His own gentle commandment of love in the place of what was 'said to them of old time.' But let not us, while we obey it for ourselves, and abjure violence and blood, judge the men of old 'according to that which they had not.' Jehu's bloody deeds are not held up for admiration. His obedience is what is praised and rewarded.

¶ *La Révolution* is but so many Alphabetic Letters; a thing nowhere to be laid hands on, to be clapt under lock and key: where is it? what is it? It is the Madness that dwells in the hearts of men. In this man it is, and in that man; as a rage or as a terror, it is in all men. Invisible, impalpable; and yet no black Azrael, with wings spread over half a continent, with sword sweeping from sea to sea, could be a truer Reality.¹

2. Jehu professed to be actuated by religious zeal. 'Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord.' How far can we trust these words?

(1) We must remember that zeal is in itself but a neutral passion, and good or bad only according to the object about which it is concerned. In Jehu's case it expressed itself in a frightful destruction of human life. On this account some persons might be disposed to say that it was not zeal for the Lord at all. But they forget that God's work may take one form in one age or set of circumstances, and another in another; that the moral standard of the Pentateuch is not inconsistent with, but is lower than, that of the Gospels; that the acts of a good Jew, face to face with the enemies of his religion, must not be judged of by a Christian standard: since the Jew belongs to an earlier stage in the religious education of the world. Our Lord warned His Apostles against the temptation to propagate or defend His Kingdom by the sword; but the Law of Moses punished idolatry with death, and Jehu was acting in obedience to the idea of duty to which he had been trained. There is nothing to be said on Christian grounds for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or for the brutalities of Cromwell at Drogheda and Wexford; but when

¹ T. Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, iii. 211.

Jehu destroyed the Baal-worshippers in Samaria, the law of Love had not yet been revealed in all its beauty, nor had men learnt that the Holy Spirit is a better Guide into all truth than the weapons of carnal warfare.

¶ 'Is there no way,' asks Andrew Fuller, 'to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?' Owen's greater Anglican contemporary writes to the same effect in his *Liberty of Prophesying*. 'Any zeal,' he observes, 'is proper for religion, but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger,' since no secure basis for a reasonable religion can be won 'if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poniard.' One wonders if the Puritan was thinking of the anecdote which narrates how Michelangelo, who was engaged in designing a statue of Julius II., asked that eminently meek and saintly representative of Christ if he would care to hold a volume in his hand. 'What volume?' cried the indignant Pope; 'a sword! I know nothing of letters, not I.'¹

(2) It was a momentous order which Jehu received from the prophet—to destroy the whole reigning family—and it came to a ready spirit. By the solemn law of the nation the unfaithful king and all related to him had forfeited their claim upon life. It was a fatal transgression to depart from the Living God. The executioner might be pestilence, or flames leaping from the clouds, or an invading host, or some mighty man armed for the work. Right thoroughly it had been done. The ghastly pile of seventy heads of princes, laid on either side of the gate of Jezreel, had witnessed to this servant's energy and fidelity. Timouri, the Tartar chieftain, might have found in him his great exemplar, as he erected in pyramids the corpses of his victims. The taste of blood had created, as in the tiger, an imperious thirst. A wild glare was in his eyes as the Rechabite tried to read its secret. Interpreting his orders that not only the dynasty of Ahab, but that of Baal too, must fall by the sword, he set about it in terrible earnest. Craft and cruelty combined against priest and devotee. All who had come up to the solemn festival came instead to the shambles, and not one escaped. So Mahomet-Ali conquered the Mamelukes; so Amalric stamped out heresy in Languedoc, saying, 'Kill them all. The Lord will know who are His.'

¶ One who was many months on ambulance duty in the French lines wrote these words:

'They talk of the war! Let them come close in! Let

them see lying around emaciated heads with no bodies within a couple of hundred yards; let them see the bloody confusion of heads and entrails and limbs which is showered around when a trench is mined; let them see the heads with ears and noses bitten off as if by mad dogs; let them see the men driven insane by the sights and sounds of the battlefield, who turn and rend their comrades and have to be shot down by them; let them come where hundreds of wounded men are lying on contested ground screaming the whole night through (and not one in a million has ever heard a man scream!) and then talk of the war!'²

(3) Jehu's zeal was spoiled by cruelty; it was spoiled also by inconsistency. Baal-worship was not the only kind of idolatry that then reared its head in the land of Israel. There was the worship of the calves, which had been instituted by Jeroboam from a political motive—that of providing a religious attraction to the ten separated tribes, an attraction powerful enough to prevent their attending the worship of God in Jerusalem at the great festivals. This older idolatry was not less inconsistent with the honour and will of God than was the newer Baal or Nature worship introduced from Phœnicia; and a man whose highest motive in destroying the Baal-worshippers had been zeal for God's honour, would not have left this older, and in some respects more mischievous, form of error untouched. But we are told that 'from the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Beth-el, and that were in Dan.' And again, that 'Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart: for he departed not from the sins of Jeroboam' (that is, from the established calf-worship), 'which made Israel to sin.'

Men who are swords of God, and human executioners of Divine justice, may easily deceive themselves. God works the ends of His own providence, and He uses their ministry. 'The wrath of man shall turn to praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain.' But they can never make their plea of prophetic sanction a cloak of maliciousness. Cromwell had stern work to do. Rightly or wrongly, he deemed it inevitable, and did not shrink from it. But he hated it. Over and over again, he tells us, he had prayed to God that He would not put him to this work. To the best of his power he avoided, he minimized, every act of vengeance, even when the sternness of his Puritan sense of righteousness made him look on

¹ J. Moffatt, *The Golden Book of John Owen*, 99 n.

² John Galsworthy, *A Sheaf*, 285.

it as duty. Far different was the case of Jehu. He loved murder and cunning for their own sakes, and, like Joab, he dyed the garments of peace with the blood of war.

How little was his gain! It had been happier for him if he had never mounted higher than the captaincy of the host, or even so high. He reigned for twenty-eight years (842-814)—longer than any king, except his great-grandson Jeroboam II.; and in recognition of any element of righteousness which had actuated his revolt, his children, even to the fourth generation, were suffered to sit upon the throne. His dynasty lasted for one hundred and thirteen years. But his own reign was memorable only for defeat, trouble, and irreparable disaster.

¶ The fact is, it is in politics to a certain degree as in religion. Men fear in the one case in the same manner as they believe in the other; they have some doubts in both cases, but no convictions. Their conduct belies their assertions, and when compared with that which they observe on occasions where there is no room for doubt, it will be seen that their want of energy or decision, their various inconsistencies, proceed from self-deceit, which is just strong enough to permit them to try and deceive others without actual falsehood and hypocrisy.¹

3. Jehu, the zealous, the fiery, the reformer, and Jehu the lukewarm, the half-hearted, maintainer of abuses, are one and the same man; and their identity appears in this, that they are both of them Jehu the selfish, Jehu who served God while it answered his purpose, and, when that service seemed to cross his interest, winked at the most palpable sin. And therefore we consider Jehu's character worthy of our study, because it is so common and so bad. The truth which Jehu did not see, and which he and we ought to see, is the truth, that God, if He be served at all, should be served with all our heart and soul and strength; no serving Him now, and disobeying Him then; no following Him up to a certain point, and then stopping short; no worshipping Him in prosperity, and forgetting Him in adversity; or seeking Him in adversity, and forgetting Him in prosperity; no serving of Him for what we can gain by it in the shape of respectability, or position, or what not; the service must be complete and free, as from those who feel that all they can do must fall infinitely short of a perfect worship of the infinite God.

¹ H. Reeve, *The Greville Memoirs*, iii. 187.

¶ Not Thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor Thine the zealot's ban:
Thou well canst spare a love of Thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves Thee best who loveth most
His brothers and Thy own.²

LITERATURE.

- Cooper, J., *The Soldiers of the Bible* (1915), 136.
Farrar, F. W., *The Second Book of Kings* (Expositor's Bible) (1894), 106.
Fraser, J., *Parochial Sermons* (1887), 144.
Goodwin, H., *Parish Sermons*, iii. (1855) 48.
Hiley, R. W., *A Year's Sermons*, iii. (1897) 294.
Kittel, R., *A History of the Hebrews*, ii. (1896) 278.
Liddon, H. P., *Forty-Two Sermons from 'The Penny Pulpit,'* iv. (1886) No. 1123.
„ „ *Sermons on Old Testament Subjects* (1891), 302.
Lumby, J. R., *The Second Book of the Kings* (Cambridge Bible) (1887), 85.
Maclaren, A., *Expositions: 2 Kings-Nehemiah* (1907), 6.
Mayor, J. B., *The World's Desire* (1907), 115.
Russell, A., *The Light that Lighteth Every Man* (1889), 184.
Shettle, G. T., *A Call to Restore* (1916), 71.
Stanley, A. P., *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church*, ii. (1889) 289.
Steven, G., *The Kings and the Prophets*, 53.
Tuckwell, W., *Nuggets from the Bible Mine* (1913), 97.
Wellhausen, J., *Prolegomena to the History of Israel* (1885), 293.
Christian Age, xxviii. (1885) 238.
Contemporary Pulpit, 2nd Ser., x. (1893) 159 (H. P. Liddon).
Dictionary of the Bible, ii. (1899) 564 (O. C. Whitehouse).

Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

'I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.'—2 Sam. 1²⁶.
'And David said, Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?'—2 Sam. 9¹.

You see your father sitting looking into the fire occasionally. He does not seem to want to speak to you. You think he is going to sleep. You

² J. G. Whittier.

may be right, but it is more than possible that he is remembering—remembering about your big rothers who are away from home, or who may have gone from this world altogether.

1. God has made us so; we all look back and remember. Even kings have their days of remembering. The great King David had his. Once he had a friend whom he loved very much. Most of you could tell me that that friend's name was Jonathan. He was killed in battle, and when David's mind was full of the sad story as ours are full of the great war just now, he wrote a lovely poem about him. Tennyson's poem about his friend Arthur Hallam may one day be forgotten, but King David's song about Jonathan is one of the eternal things; it will never die. As the years passed, David's life meant stress and trouble. He had hard work; furthermore, when he did what was wrong, he suffered for it. We can imagine that he had little time to think, but he had his memories; he never forgot Jonathan. With him it was generally a case of thinking his own thoughts; one day, however, he suddenly spoke out: 'Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul,' he asked, 'that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' You see that with David remembering did not mean sitting idle thinking round and round in a circle; it meant doing something.

There is a great deal of remembering in all our homes just now. Even boys and girls have their share of it. Can they help it? In every church hall, in every large day school, in universities, everywhere in fact where young people meet, there are Rolls of Honour. You boys and girls read the names and you say, 'I knew him.' But you run away to your games and you forget, don't you?

2. Did you ever think what the word 'Remember' means? One author writing about it says: 'It literally means "Member me again." ... When you gather around the household board, or sit at night by the winter fire, keep a vacant place for me. Keep a gap in your hearts where the old chair used to be. Do not forget to count me among the members of the family; do not omit to member me in the circle in which I am seen not.' In the Roman Catholic Church there is a special day set apart for remembering friends who have died. It is the second of November, and in their Church's Calendar is called 'All Souls' Day.' On that day one can see wreaths laid upon certain

graves; they are the graves of friends who are 'remembered.' 'All Souls' Day' suggests a beautiful thought, for none of us like the idea of being quite forgotten by our friends when we pass away from the earth.

Long ago, a sprig of rosemary used to be given to the bride at a wedding, and carried by her as a token that she would remember the old home, and the old faces, and the old loves. Rosemary was also used at funerals, and it is still sometimes used in South Wales. Each mourner carries a sprig and throws it into the grave as a token that the dear one will not be forgotten. Your fathers and mothers do not need rosemary to remind them of their absent boys. In many cases their graves are too far away for them to be kept decked with home flowers. They do not pray for them, for they know that they are in safe keeping, but they ask God's help for themselves that they may be able to do their duty to you. What ought 'remembering' to mean for you? 'Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' David was not a young man when he asked the question; but even boys and girls might well put a similar one to themselves. 'Can I help any one for the sake of those who have done so much for me?' Here are three things you can do.

(1) You can ask God to make you good sons and daughters.

(2) You can resolve to grow up to be good citizens.

(3) The brave soldier boys gave their lives that this world might be a better place for us to live in. That was the great lesson the world learned from the life of Jesus Christ. He is the perfect pattern set for us, and you can ask to be made like Him.

If you do these things 'All Souls' Day' will have a great meaning for you.

II.

Copy-books.

'I wrote them with ink in the book.'—Jer 36¹⁸.

I wonder how many of you remember the first time you wrote with ink? Perhaps it was a very, very long time ago, but you may recollect something about it. Do you remember how proud you were when you were given a pen and allowed to use it? Before that you were only permitted to write in pencil and that was very dull and uninter-

esting, but now you had a pen and an inkpot all to yourself and a copy-book to write in! It was a great occasion!

You began so proudly and so hopefully, but by and by the mistakes crept in. A wrong letter was written, a blot fell here and there out of a too full pen, and little inky fingers left ugly smudges. And perhaps, because you were very small, a few salt tears fell on the page. But the worst of it all was that the mistakes wouldn't come out. When you wrote in pencil or on a slate it was easy to remove them, but when you wrote in ink, that was a different matter!

Now Life is just like a great copy-book, and every day we are writing a page in that book. Every action and word and thought writes something on the page. And what we write we can't take out again, for we are writing in ink, not in pencil. Sometimes our page is clean and tidy and well written, sometimes it is ugly and smudged and spoiled; but no matter what it is like, we can't alter it.

Well, I want you to remember three things about this copy-book we are writing.

1. *Do your very best with the page you have.*—Sometimes, you know, you begin a new page in your copy-book very well. The first line is neat and even and as like the head line as it possibly could be. But when you get down the page a bit you become more careless. Perhaps you grow tired writing the same words over and over again, perhaps you forget to look at the top line. Some of the letters jump off the line, others won't stand up straight, some are too fat and others are too lean, some are too long and others too short. And when you come to the last line of all it is a sad failure. Well of course the best way is to keep on writing well to the bottom of the page. That is difficult, but you can do it if you try hard.

Now it is just the same with Life's copy-book. Sometimes we rise in the morning feeling very bright and fit, and we mean to do well and have a splendid day. But little by little the mistakes creep in. Perhaps we lose our temper over some trifle, or we do something mean, or say something unkind. And soon our page is all blotted and ugly, our day is all spoiled.

Well, I think it is just the same with the pages of our life as it is with the pages of our copy-book. If we try very hard, and if we ask God to help us to try, we can keep out a lot of the mistakes. And

then we shall have fewer regrets when we get to the end of the page.

2. *Let God put right your mistakes.*—Do you remember spoiling a page in your copy-book when you were very little? You tried your best, but everything went wrong and your little head ached and the tears were very near. Then mother came and took the book from you. And she cleaned it up in a wonderful way, a way you couldn't manage. And somehow when she came to you everything seemed right again. Your head stopped aching and your troubles were at an end.

And God is just like mother. He can put right the things we spoil. He can wash out all our mistakes. You can't alter them, but He can. And I want you to remember this not only now, but long, long after this, when you are grown men and women. Will you always take your spoiled pages to God to put right? He wants to do it. And the biggest mistake people ever make—the only mistake that really counts—is when they forget to take their spoiled pages to Him.

3. *Never forget that there is always a new page.*—Some people forget to turn the new page, and when the new day comes they copy the old one over again with all its mistakes and ugly blots. And so they never get out of the bit.

If you have made a mess of the page that is just turned, you can make a fresh start with the new one and make it all the more beautiful. It is the only thing you can do, and God gives you the new page to let you have another chance.

So we must go on trying till we reach the very last page of all. Then when our work is done God will take away our copy-book and give us a new one, fresh and unspoiled, in which we shall make no mistakes.

III.

The *West African Folk-Tales* which have been collected by W. H. Barker, B.Sc., and Cecilia Sinclair (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net) are good for reading, good for the study of anthropology, and good for—children's sermons. We shall give one as an example, after saying that the volume is extremely attractive and very appropriately illustrated.

WHY TIGERS NEVER ATTACK MEN UNLESS THEY ARE PROVOKED.

A man, hunting one day in the forest, met a tiger. At first each was afraid of the other; but

after some talking they became quite friendly. They agreed to live together for a little time. First the man would live with the tiger in his forest home for two weeks. Then the tiger would come and live in the man's house.

The tiger behaved so well to the man during his visit that the man felt he had never been so well treated in all his life. Then came the time for the tiger to return home with the man. As they were going the tiger was somewhat afraid. He asked the man if he really thought he would be safe. 'What if your friends do not like my face and kill me?' he asked. 'You need fear nothing,' said his host; 'no one will touch you while I am there.' The tiger therefore came to the man's house and stayed with him three weeks. He had brought his male cub with him, and the young tiger became very friendly with the man's son.

Some months later the man's father died. When Tiger heard of his friend's great loss, he and his cub set out at once to see and condole with him. They brought a large sum of money to help the man.

As Tiger was going home again two of the man's friends lay in hiding for him and shot him. Fortunately he was not killed, but he was very much grieved lest these men had shot at his friend's wish. He determined to find out if the man had known anything at all about the shot.

Accordingly he went to the place in the forest where he had first met his friend. There he lay down as if he were dead, after telling his cub to watch and see what would happen.

By and by the man came along. When he saw the tiger lying, as he thought, dead, he was terribly troubled. He began to cry, and mourn for his friend, and sat there all night long with Tiger's cub, to watch that no harm should befall the body.

When morning came and Tiger was quite assured that his friend had had nothing at all to do with the shot, he was very glad. He got up, then, to the man's great astonishment, and explained why he had pretended to be dead.

'Go home,' said Tiger, 'and remember me always. In future for your sake I will never touch a man unless he first meddles with me.'

Point and Illustration.

'Laying aside every weight.'

Mr. J. Glenelg Grant, Hon. Treasurer of the Cardiff Sailors' and Soldiers' Rests, has gathered

many anecdotes, the best of which he now publishes in a book entitled *The Heart beneath the Uniform* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. net). Occasionally the anecdotes are made to point a moral or adorn a text. More than one brings home the force of the words 'laying aside every weight.' This is one:

'Before I left the barrack-room I had another object-lesson showing the necessity of laying aside every weight. "Throw those boots away," were the words I heard uttered in firm tones by a sergeant as he looked down upon the young private who was stooping over his kit. As the lad lifted his head, his face wore a look of mingled surprise and dismay, and for a moment he hesitated to obey the command. Before the sergeant could repeat his words, the boots came flying past me, and fell with a loud crash. There they lay on the floor, and how well I understood the feelings of the owner when told to part with them! They were well-made boots, and quite a considerable sum of money must have been spent in purchasing them. "One pair of boots is enough," continued the sergeant not unkindly, "with all the heavy marching you'll have to do. Remember, my lad, that you are now on active service."'

With Smuts in East Africa.

Every general needs a historian. When General Smuts took over the conquest of German East Africa he had good officers and good men. He had also Captain Francis Brett Young, a competent historian. *Marching on Tanga*, which is the name of the book now written (Collins; 6s. net), is a true history, even to smallest detail, and it is written with the knowledge of human nature and the mastery of the English tongue which makes historical writing literature. The historians whom the war has thrown up are not so many as the poets, but their attainment is greater. Captain Young is one of the few who will be read when the war is over.

To prove a point by quotation is not often possible. We shall risk this incident.

'By nine o'clock we had crossed the river, and were skirting the margin of a vast swamp. All the sunny lower air swam with moisture: the ground was oozy and black. And yet no water was to be seen: only an infinite waste of brilliant reed-beds, standing up in the air so motionless that they made

no whispering. When the sun began to beat through the moist air myriads of dragon-flies, which had lain all night with folded wings and slender bodies stretched along the reeds, launched themselves into the air with brittle wings aquiver. Never in my life had I seen so many, nor such a show of bright ephemeral beauty. They hung over our path more like aeroplanes in their hesitant flight than any hovering birds. Again I was riding the mule Šimba, and as I rode I cut at one of them with my switch of hippo hide, cut at it and hit it. It lay broken in the path, and in a moment, as it seemed, the bright dyes faded. I was riding by myself, quite alone; and as I dismounted I felt sick with shame at this flicker of the smouldering *bête humaine*; and though I told myself that this creature was only one of so many that would flash in the sun and perish; that all life in these savage wildernesses laboured beneath cruelties perpetual and without number: of beasts that prey with tooth and claw, of tendrils that stifle, stealing the sap of life, or by minute insistence splitting the seasoned wood, I could not be reconciled to my own ruthless cruelty. For here, where all things were cruel, from the crocodiles of the Pangani to our own armed invasion, it should have been my privilege to love things for their beauty and rejoice in their joy of life, rather than become an accomplice in the universal ill. I cursed the instinct of the collector which, I suppose, far more than that of the hunter, was at the root of my crime; and from this I turned back to the educative natural history of my schooldays, in which it was thought instructive to steal a bright butterfly from the live air to a bottle of cyanide, and to press a fragrant orchid between drab sheets of blotting-paper. And I thought perhaps, when this war is over, and half the world has been sated with cruelty, we may learn how sweet a thing is life, and how beautiful mercy.'

The Franciscans.

In choosing the Franciscans as the subject of his Ford Lectures, Mr. A. G. Little, M.A., Lecturer in Palæography in the University of Manchester, chose a subject full of matter. But it demanded specializing. Mr. Little knows it so well that his book is the easiest reading though it is filled with facts that have had to be painfully gathered and verified.

Does Mr. Little condescend on illustration of the gospel? We think rather that his illustrations are unintentional. But some of them are excellent. In the Parable of the Unjust Steward our Lord uses the sharp practice of an unscrupulous agent to enforce the necessity of earnest endeavour in the life of the Spirit. Mr. Little tells us that the unknown author of the mediæval MS. entitled '*Fasciculus Morum*,' in a chapter on the advantages coming to the truly contrite, says: 'We have an example in the poor little spinster who takes wool to spin, but often compelled by necessity, because she has not enough to live on, she sells some of the wool, and when she has to take the spun wool back, she moistens it, so that the weight may not be wanting. Now *we* ought to do like that. When at the suggestion of the flesh or the devil we rob God, not of wool or linen, but of our soul, created in His image; if we wish to restore it to Him with its full weight, we must moisten it well with penance and tears of contrition.' 'The analogy,' says Mr. Little, 'is not quite sound. It was intended to startle—to arrest the attention—and probably succeeded.' Quite so. Jesus also succeeded.

The title of the book is *Studies in English Franciscan History* (Longmans; 8s. 6d. net).

A Bishop's Pleasaunce.

A Bishop's Pleasaunce is the title which the Right Rev. George H. Frodsham, late Bishop of North Queensland, has given to a bookful of articles some of which have already appeared in the magazines (Murray; 2s. 6d. net). Wide as is the range of this bishop's pleasaunce—it runs geographically from 'Broad Lincolnshire' to the 'Islands of the Dragon-Fly,' and intellectually from the 'Charm of Wesley's Journal' to the 'Abiding Quality of English Humour'—yet the most delightful corner of it is the Australian Bush, and there the bishop's heart rests. When he speaks of the bush and the bushmen he is at his best; every word tells. In our boyhood we had to learn:

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

And we had much respect for Mr. Alexander Selkirk. But, as the Irish bishop said of Gulliver,

there were some things in his experience that were difficult to believe. There was that about the beasts in particular. Yet now the Bishop of North Queensland tells us: 'An attractive feature is the absence of fear in the native animals. To a certain extent this is a characteristic of all Australian fauna, and it must need a very stern sportsman to shoot a native bear, which, without the slightest attempt at escape, turns on the gum tree bough to look with puzzled wistfulness at the unfamiliar creature below. The same is true to a less degree of that most inquisitive amongst animals, the kangaroo. Kangaroos have been known to come almost within "putting distance" of a traveller, but the professional sportsman is rapidly discouraging marsupial curiosity, and at the same time is

reducing the number of these interesting survivals of a bygone age. Australian birds are equally fearless. Travelling in the far north-west of Queensland in 1904, I camped for a night by a creek where a small trough contained the only surface water for probably twenty or thirty miles around. The next morning while I performed my toilet at the rough basin there were beside me thousands of painted finches, ignorant of the uncertain temper of man, who took no more notice of me than of some friendly animal. They vociferously disputed with me for the complete possession of their bathing-pond as they played and flirted in the water. The whole scene was radiant with joy and beauty.'

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A., PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL THEOLOGY,
DIDSBURY COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

VII.

William Penn's 'Fruits of Solitude.'

WHEN Mr. Edmund Gosse was preparing for publication his beautiful edition of the *Fruits of Solitude*, so completely forgotten had Penn's book become that 'London was scoured for a long time in vain before a copy could be found.' This was in 1901. Since then, however, there have been several reprints—one with a brief Introduction by Dr. John Clifford,¹ and another in 'Everyman's Library.'² The enchanter whose coming, as Mr. Gosse says, 'wakened the delicate dead thing into life,' was Robert Louis Stevenson. It happened in this way.

At the end of 1879, Stevenson, then a young man of twenty-nine, was an exile, sick and disconsolate, in the city of San Francisco. Wandering about the streets, he picked up one day, on a stall, a copy of the *Fruits of Solitude*. The little book seemed made for the man and the moment, and it stirred him profoundly. Two years later,

he sent it from Davos as a gift to his friend Mr. Horatio F. Brown, in Venice. 'Here it is,' he wrote, 'with the mark of a San Francisco *bouquiniste*. And if ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still here it is. I could scarcely better prove myself,—Yours affectionately, R. L. STEVENSON.' A little later he wrote again: 'I hope, if you get thus far, you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street-cars and ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But, I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not have been in vain; for while just now we are

¹ Headley Bros.

² This also contains *The Author's Life*, by his friend Joseph Besse—the first of Penn's many biographers—and several other of his writings.

so busy and intelligent, there is not the man living, no, nor recently dead, that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest kind wisdom into words.¹ The *Letters* were published in 1899, and since that date many, out of their regard for Stevenson, have sought out the little book which moved him so strangely. They may not have found in it all that he found, yet few can read 'this compendium of cheerful rules for the conduct of life' without profit, or without thanks to him who has restored it to our hands. But before I say anything more about the book I must say something about its author.

I.

The story of William Penn's life may be read in the brief memoir by Joseph Besse, now printed as an Introduction to 'Everyman's' selection from his works; or in the recent volume by Mr. J. W. Graham, Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester.² This, Mr. Graham says, is the first life of Penn written by an English Friend. It tells, and so far as I am able to judge, tells fairly and accurately, all that most readers would wish to know concerning the famous Quaker. Unfortunately the book is written throughout in such incurably bad English—even the grammar at times comes hopelessly to grief—that the reader who is at all sensitive on such matters is sorely tempted to throw the book down long before the end of the story is reached. Penn himself was no literary artist, but there are sentences in his latest biography that would have made him shudder.

Penn was born in 1644, the year of Marston Moor, and soon found himself involved in the civil and religious conflicts which, in that stormy age, were the strong man's natural inheritance. His troubles began before he was out of his teens, when, to the surprise and disgust of all his friends, he turned Quaker. His father thrashed him, and Oxford expelled him; but in men like William Penn persecution does but make of the pliant willow a rod of steel. The proud, defiant words on the title-page of his first book—'William Penn, whom Divine Love constrains in an holy contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not

fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the majesty of Him who is invisible'—strike the keynote of his whole life, and a Quaker he remained to the end of his days. And in the seventeenth century, to be a Quaker meant, whether you would or not, that you must fight. Nor did Penn flinch. In an age of fighters, he kept his place with the foremost, and if Quaker principles denied him the use of the sword, they left him a mightier weapon which he knew well how to wield. The enormous list of his publications,³ largely controversial, remains to show with what immense and tireless energy he threw himself into the struggle for religious freedom. Indeed, so hot and ceaseless was the conflict, that it is only when we follow him into hiding or to prison, and not always then, that the strife dies into silence, and we find the quiet which is the Quaker's true home.

In Penn's case even death has not been able to rescue his name from the feet of controversy. Macaulay, in his *History*, brought against him a series of very grave charges, based mainly on his relations with James II. and the corrupt Court at Whitehall. I need not repeat the charges—Macaulay is on all our shelves—nor the arguments by which they have been refuted. I refer to the matter at all only because Macaulay has a thousand readers where the friends of Penn have but one; and because any one who really believes that Penn was capable of the kind of misdemeanours charged against him by Macaulay, would, to say the least, have his appetite spoiled for the reading of such a book as the *Fruits of Solitude*. Here it must suffice to say that in the judgment of students as competent and as impartial as Mr. Gladstone⁴ and Dr. Stoughton,⁵ Macaulay quite failed to make out his case.⁶ And to their verdict on the particular

³ See the Bibliography in 'Everyman's' edition.

⁴ *Gleanings*, vol. ii. p. 318.

⁵ *History of Religion in England*, vol. iv. p. 123.

⁶ Macaulay, it may be added, maintained his view of the matter until the end. In his *Journal*, under date Feb. 5, 1849, we have the following: 'Lord Shelbourne, Charles Austin, and Milman to breakfast. A pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number. Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say. Every charge against Penn came out as clear as any case at the Old Bailey. They had nothing to urge but what was true enough, that he looked worse in my *History* than he would have looked on a general survey of his whole life. But that is not my fault. . . . The Quakers were extremely civil. So was I. They complimented me on my courtesy and candour.' So that, as Gladstone says, Macaulay not only remained himself un-

¹ These two (copyright) letters are reprinted here from vol. ii. of the four-volume edition of Stevenson's *Letters* by the courteous permission of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne and Messrs. Methuen & Co.

² *William Penn*, Headley Bros.

points at issue, it is pleasant to add Tennyson's general summing up of Penn's character and work. In 1882 a number of American citizens approached Tennyson through Lowell, asking him to write a few verses on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania. Tennyson was at the moment unable to comply, 'but,' he wrote, 'I will be with you in spirit on the 8th of November, and rejoice with your rejoicing; for, since I have been ill, I have read the life of your noble countryman, and mine, William Penn, and find him no "comet of a season," but the fixt light of a dark and graceless age, shining on into the present, not only great but good, καλὸς καὶ ἀγαθὸς as the Athenians said of their best.'¹

Stormy as Penn's public life was, it had its quiet anchorage in a good woman's love, and no notice of him, however brief, can well omit some reference to his noble wife, Guli Springett. She was the stepdaughter of Isaac Penington, a name well and honourably known in Quaker annals, and a woman comely alike in her person and in her character. Many suitors sought her hand in marriage—amongst them young Thomas Ellwood, the friend of Milton; but all in vain, 'till,' as Ellwood, himself says, with a sigh of resignation, 'he at length came for whom she was reserved.' For twenty-two years she shared her husband's life through good and evil report; then death disjoined their hands. Her grave is in the quiet burying-ground of the Friends, in Jordans, Buckinghamshire. Twenty-four years later her husband was laid by her side.

II.

Of all the writings which we owe to Penn's industry and zeal the *Fruits of Solitude* is perhaps the only one which can still claim a place on our shelves;² quite certainly it is the only one to which we shall give a place on our shelf by the converted, but even believed he had converted the Quakers—'all this when they had left him boiling, or at least simmering, in unanimity of wrath, and silent only because hopeless of redress, and borne down by a torrent that nothing could resist.'

¹ Tennyson's *Life* by his Son, p. 644 (one-volume edition).

² Our grandparents perhaps would have added *No Cross, No Crown*, and Charles Lamb, at least, would have agreed with them. 'Tell Lloyd,' he writes to Coleridge, 'I have had thoughts of turning Quaker, and have been reading, or am rather just beginning to read, a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's *No Cross, No Crown*. I like it immensely' (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 74, Eversley edition).

fire. We owe it—or rather to speak exactly, we owe the first and larger part of it—to a long period of seclusion which circumstances made prudent during 1691–93. The little volume belongs to the literature of 'Aphorisms' on which Lord Morley, though he does not mention Penn, has given us one of his most delightful and illuminating studies.³ What is an aphorism? I cannot do better than quote Lord Morley. 'The essence of aphorism,' he says, 'is the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying. It is the very opposite of dissertation and declamation; its distinction is not so much ingenuity as good sense brought to a point; it ought to be neither enigmatical nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other.' Morley goes on to point out—and it is a reminder of which readers of the Gospels, to their own undoing, are continually losing sight—that few aphorisms are to be taken without qualification. 'They seek sharpness of impression by excluding one side of the matter and exaggerating another, and most aphorisms are to be read as subject to all sorts of limits, conditions, and corrections.' The greatest English master in this difficult branch of the literary art is, says Morley, Francis Bacon; but over the whole field the supremacy belongs without question to the literature of France. Now, as Mr. Gosse points out, the movement in France was at the height of its influence in England at the time when Penn wrote. Rochefoucauld's *Maximes* was published in 1665, Pascal's *Pensées* in 1670, and La Bruyère's *Caractères* in 1687. The very title of Penn's book reveals how much, in its form at least, it owed to its French models. Rochefoucauld writes *Réflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales*; Penn, *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life*.

The general character of Penn's little 'Enchiridion,' as he calls it, is perhaps best indicated in his own words: 'Some Parts of it,' he says, 'are the Result of serious Reflection: Others the Flashings of Lucid Intervals: Writ for private Satisfaction, and now publish'd for an Help to Human Conduct. The Author has now had some Time he could call his own; a Property he was never so much Master of before: In which he has taken a View of himself and the World; and observed wherein he hath hit and mist the Mark; what might have been done, what mended and what

³ See his *Studies in Literature*, pp. 54–102.

avoided in his Human Conduct: Together with the Omissions and Excesses of others, as well Societies and Governments, as private Families, and Persons. . . . The Author does not pretend to deliver thee an Exact Piece; his Business not being Ostentation, but Charity. 'Tis Miscellaneous in the Matter of it, and by no means Artificial in the Composure. But it contains Hints, that may serve thee for Texts to Preach to thy Self upon, and which comprehend much of the Course of Human Life: Since whether thou art Parent or Child, Prince or Subject, Master or Servant, Single or Married, Publick or Private, Mean or Honourable, Rich or Poor, Prosperous or Improprosperous, in Peace or Controversy, in Business or Solitude; whatever be thy Inclination or Aversion, Practice or Duty, thou wilt find something not unsuitably said for thy Direction and Advantage. Accept and Improve what deserves thy Notice; The rest excuse, and place to account of good Will to Thee and the whole Creation of God.'

So much we may learn from Penn's Preface. When we turn to the pages that follow, we find in them pretty much what these words, and our knowledge of the writer might lead us to expect. 'I love,' Penn wrote, in a beautiful letter to his wife and children, on the eve of his first visit to America, 'I love sweetness, mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety.' And these are the things—sweetness and cheerfulness, gravity and sobriety—which in these maxims, he illustrates and commends. The style throughout is quiet. There is passion, but it is always well in hand; the fire warms, but it does not crackle. And if Penn is shrewd rather than wise, penetrating rather than profound, if he does not sound the depths, nor scale the heights, nor light up wide horizons of human life, nevertheless his words are the words of one who has looked on men and things with honest wide open eyes as keen as they are kindly. He is not afraid of the commonplace, but then he has the rare gift of knowing how to make the commonplace arresting. He has a wholesome Quaker hatred of display and luxury and shams, and an equally wholesome love of toleration. Everybody talks toleration to-day as a matter of course. In the heat of seventeenth-century strife it was a virtue which few practised or even professed. Altogether Penn's little book is, as Stevenson said, 'a sweet and peaceful companion' that no man can live without being

the better for. I read it first amid the silence of the fells that look down on Ullswater. Itself the child of solitude, it is perhaps in solitude that its quiet healing power can best be felt.

A book of aphorisms like the *Fruits of Solitude* readily lends itself to quotation. The difficulty is that sayings which appeal to one, may appear but flat and trivial to another. I will run the risk at least so far as to add a few of Penn's maxims by way of sample:

'They have a Right to censure that have a Heart to help: The rest is Cruelty, not Justice.'

'Nothing does Reason more Right than the Coolness of those that offer it: For Truth often suffers more by the Heat of its Defenders, than from the Arguments of its Opposers.'

'He that has more Knowledge than Judgment, is made for another Man's use more than his own.'

'Not to be provok'd is best: But if mov'd, never correct till the Fume is spent; For every stroke our Fury strikes, is sure to hit ourselves at last.'

'If we did but observe the Allowances our Reason makes upon Reflection, when our Passion is over, we could not want a Rule how to behave ourselves again in the like Occasions.'

'We must not be concern'd above the value of the thing that engages us; nor raised above Reason, in maintaining what we think reasonable.'

'No matter what the Subject of our Dispute be, but what place we give it in our Minds: For that governs our Concern and Resentment.'

'But too common it is for some People, not to know their own Maxims and Principles in the Mouths of other Men, when they give occasion to use them.'

'Where Right or Religion gives a Call, a Neuter must be a Coward or an Hypocrite.'

'If thou hast not conquer'd thyself in that which is thy own particular Weakness, thou hast no Title to Virtue, tho' thou art free of other Men's.'

'It is a sad Reflection that many Men hardly have any Religion at all; and most men have none of their own: for that which is the Religion of their Education, and not of their Judgment, is the Religion of Another, and not Theirs.'

'To have Religion upon Authority, and not upon Conviction, is like a Finger Watch, to be set forwards or backwards, as he pleases that has it in keeping.'

'It is a Preposterous thing, that Men can venture their Souls where they will not venture their Money: For they will take their Religion upon trust, but not trust a Synod about the Goodness of Half a Crown.'

'The Humble, Meek, Merciful, Just, Pious and Devout Souls are everywhere of one Religion; and when Death has taken off the Mask, they will know one another, tho' the divers Liveries they wear here makes them Strangers.'

'It were better to be of no Church than to be bitter for any.'

'He that is taught to live upon a little, owes more to his Father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, does to his Father's Care.'

III.

Those who have found help and solace in Penn's little book, and remember with gratitude his brave fight for religious freedom, should not fail to visit the pleasant country of South Buckinghamshire. It is a land already sacred to every Englishman for its memories of Milton, Gray, and Burke;

but more even than for their sake, American visitors seek out its quiet lanes because it was once the home and is now the resting-place of the founder of Pennsylvania. From London to Beaconsfield by train, and then in a few hours under the guidance of, say, Mr. C. K. Shorter,¹ or Mr. E. S. Roscoe,² we can see most of the spots with which Penn's name is imperishably linked—The Grange at Chalfont St. Peter's, where Guli Springett lived with her mother and stepfather, Isaac Penington; the farmhouse near Chorley Wood, on the borders of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, where she and Penn were married; Rickmansworth, near by, where the first years of their married life were spent; and Jordans, the Friends' Westminster Abbey, as it has been called, where under the shade of the fragrant limes they now rest side by side. To many who are of neither Quaker nor American stock, those Buckinghamshire uplands will be, for William Penn's sake, always dear.

¹ *Buckinghamshire*, in Macmillan's 'Highways and Byways' series.

² *Penn's Country* (Longmans).

Contributions and Comments.

'A Light to lighten the Gentiles.'

A GOOD deal has been said in recent years with regard to the first chapters in Luke, and their Semitic colouring, and more remains to be said. It seems clear that investigation is on the right track, but whether we are to search for a Hebrew or an Aramaic original is still doubtful; nor is it certain whether Semitism is to be affirmed equally for the prose parts of the narrative and the poetical. Even where the Old Testament can be detected looking at us through the veil of the New Testament, the definition of what is there is frequently obscure, so obscure as to make reconstruction of lost sources very difficult.

For example, if we take the *Nunc Dimittis* as it exists in our Greek New Testament, we are face to face with Greek sentences that are redolent of the Old Testament, but are in part meaningless and untranslatable.

What is the average man, the student 'in the

street' if there is such a person, to make of such a sentence as

φῶς εἰς ἀποκάλυψιν ἔθνων?

To translate it as

A light to lighten the Gentiles

is rhythmic, and probably encloses the meaning, but it is not a translation. We are not surprised to find the revision replacing it by

A light for revelation to the Gentiles,
with an alternative margin

A light for the unveiling of the Gentiles.

But here conflicting explanations are at work: according to the first rendering, it is the light that has the veil over it; according to the second, it is the Gentiles; and the Revisers could not agree which it was. The question arises in our minds whether either rendering is admissible. But the reply to such questioning would, perhaps, be that the unveiling of the Gentiles is referred to in Is 25⁷,

the 'covering that is cast over all peoples and the veil that is spread over all nations.' No doubt this is the explanation that was offered by those who believed the veil to have been removed from the nations whom it covered; for the marginal references in Nestle's Greek Testament tell us to go for elucidation to Is 42⁶ 49⁶ 25⁷ 46¹³, and these references are taken from the appendix to Westcott and Hort, but without telling us that the reference to Is 25⁷ is to the Hebrew, not to the Septuagint, which is quite a different text. So we are to explain a single verse in the Gospel of Luke by four quotations from Isaiah, one of which must be in the Hebrew. Again doubts arise in one's mind as to the probability of the solution. Is it really likely that ἀποκάλυψιν can answer to the supposed Hebrew *veil* in Isaiah?

Let us then try to find a simpler explanation of the verse. If we take the expression 'Apocalypse of the Gentiles,' and turn it into Syriac, we have for 'Apocalypse' the word *geliana*, and when this word is written down unvocalized, it is hardly to be distinguished from *galila* (*Galilee*). Replace then the 'Apocalypse of the Gentiles' by 'Galilee of the Gentiles,' and we have a couplet

A light for Galilee of the Gentiles
And a glory for thy people Israel.

But this takes us at once to Is 9¹,

The way of the sea beyond Jordan,
Galilee of the Gentiles:
The people that walked in darkness
Have seen a great light.

This explanation is at once simple and adequate. The passage from which it is assumed to be derived is one which is familiar to us in the Gospel. Matthew uses it, indeed, as a proof-text from the Old Testament (see Mt 4^{15, 16}).

There is a suspicion, too, that the passage about 'Galilee of the Gentiles' was also a proof-text in the *Testimony Book*, or *Logia of Papias*. At all events, it will be found again as a proof-text in Cyprian's *Testimonies*, where it is used more to the purpose, perhaps, than in the Gospel of Matthew, to describe the effectual calling of the Gentiles.

We leave it an open question whether this requires us to attach a Hebrew or an Aramaic label to the Third Evangelist.

RENDEL HARRIS.

Woodbrooke, Selby Oak.

John i. 11-13.

SOME time ago I stated reasons for accepting the reading: 'He gave power to become children of God; to them who believed on the name of him who was begotten of God' (THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, vol. xxiii. pp. 526 ff.). These were: (1) The invariable and exclusive use by St. John of the aorist when speaking of the 'only begotten,' and the perfect when speaking of the 'regenerate'; as they are used antithetically, e.g., in 1 Jn 5¹⁸; and (2) the evidence from Justin, Irenæus, and Tertullian that the text they possessed and defended had ὁς . . . ἐγεννήθη. It is more probable that the preceding ὅσοι led to the change of ὁς into οἷ, and of the verb into the plural, than that St. John in this one place departed from his careful usage of language on a subject so important.¹ Tertullian accuses heretics as to the Doctrine of the Person of Christ of having made the change to remove a text hostile to them. Apart from these reasons there are considerations suggested by a study of the whole Prologue which seem to require the singular ὁς . . . ἐγεννήθη.

1. The Prologue describes the progressive revelation of the 'Logos' from the Creation to the Incarnation. What is said regarding the Logos in vv. 11-13 must, therefore, refer to times before the incarnation—to His self-manifesting to Israel, as distinct from His witnessing of Himself unto the world. 'He came to his own, and they that were his own received him not'—only *some* did. The expressions τὰ ἴδια and οἱ ἴδιοι are not equivalent. The former has the wider meaning as in 16³². It includes all that God claimed as His own in Israel: His altar and temple and ordinances and the divers modes of His promised self-manifestation. 'In every place where I record my name *I will come unto thee*' (Ex 20²⁴ 25²² 33⁷⁻⁹ and Jos 5¹⁴, 1 S 3¹⁰, Ps 101², Is 59²⁰, Hos 6³, Mal 3¹, etc.). He was ever thus 'coming' to be known and believed on, while there was always the promise of a fuller self-manifesting. He was ὁ ἐρχόμενος ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι κυρίου (vv. 9, 27, 30). His rejection by οἱ ἴδιοι was therefore the more inexcusable, as is urged

¹ There is nothing at all improbable in such a change, where a preceding dominant plural subject is succeeded in a subordinate clause by a singular. A similar case in 1 P 2⁸ has been noted by Dr. Rendel Harris, where ἐτέθη has been changed to ἐτέθησαν (THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, May 1917, p. 339).

by psalmist and prophet (Ps 81¹¹, Is 12³, Jer 11¹⁵, etc.). A 'remnant' did receive Him, to whom He gave ἐξουσίαν τέκνα Θεοῦ γενέσθαι. It is noteworthy that with his characteristic care St. John wrote τέκνα. He never uses υἱοί of those who have become children by regeneration; ὁ υἱός he uses of Christ alone—Rev 21⁷, as a promise of the life to come (cf. 1 Jn 3²), is not an exception.

2. We come to the crux of the passage in the clause τοῖς πιστεύουσιν εἰς τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ. Whose name? What name? The only name that has been named is ὁ Λόγος; but nowhere in Scripture is that named as the ground of trust. Even if identified with the 'Wisdom' of the O.T., it is in no sense equivalent to 'the name of the Lord' whereon God's children trusted in all generations. The sense of the passages requires us to supply a distinctively Messianic name, for it is the prologue to a gospel written that men may believe on Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God, and have life in His name (20³¹). The reading τοῖς πιστεύουσιν εἰς τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ ὅς . . . ἐκ Θεοῦ ἐγεννήθη supplies the required name. It was the distinctive Messianic name taken from Ps 2⁷, Κύριος εἶπεν πρὸς με· Υἱός μου εἶ σύ, ἐγὼ σήμερον γεγέννηκά σε (LXX). As Delitzsch notes, this is the most frequently quoted Psalm in the N.T. The use of these words from it in Ac 13³³, He 1⁵ 5⁵, proves how distinctively 'the Son, the begotten of God,' was recognized as spoken of, the Messiah. The High Priest's adjuration and our Lord's answer (Mt 26^{63, 64}) recognize that as its meaning.

The phrase 'to believe on the name of him who was begotten of God' is characteristic of St. John (see chap. 3¹⁸ 20³¹, 1 Jn 3²³, and specially 5¹³).

3. The reading ἐγεννήθη is required by the use of μονογενής in the immediately following vv.^{14, 18}. To us familiarized with ὁ μονογενής as the distinctive name of the Christ, the difficulty of ἐγεννήθησαν may not be obvious; but how would early readers understand it after ὅσοι . . . ἐκ Θεοῦ ἐγεννήθησαν—so many 'begotten of God,' and 'the only Son'? The analogical use of μονογενής (v.¹⁴) might be set aside, but the ὁ μονογενής of v.¹⁸ cannot. It does not matter whether it stood there alone or followed by υἱός or Θεός. So 3^{16, 18}, 1 Jn 4⁹. Note also He 1⁵.

4. The change of the singular verb to the plural makes v.¹⁸ a digression wholly irrelevant to the theme and purpose of the prologue. It turns that verse into a puzzling digression regarding the

regeneration of O.T. saints which has led to the raising of subtle questions as to the relation of faith and regeneration. No doubt the reference to the Baptist (vv.⁶⁻⁸) is an aside; but the occasion of that may be seen in v.^{19a}; the regeneration of believers is not reverted to in the gospel till we come to chap. 3. It seems clear, therefore, that the parenthesis in v.¹⁸ must be understood αὐτοῦ ὅς ἐκ Θεοῦ ἐγεννήθη.

5. The threefold negation in the parenthesis is by no means easy of interpretation as the diversity of interpretations and the obscurity in which they all leave it prove. There is no interpretation for which any general consensus can be claimed; which suggests the inquiry whether there is not some misunderstanding as to the object of the parenthesis. Such obscurity cannot be said to belong to the doctrine of regeneration which in chap. 3 is stated with a brevity and clearness as unlike this as it could well be. Nor does the suggestion that the clause is inserted to rebuke Jewish claims to be the children of God on the ground of their lineage from Abraham carry conviction. Simpler words could dispose of that (chap. 8^{33ff.} and Ro 2^{28, 29}). The reader cannot help feeling that there must have been much more, and something much more relevant, in the mind of the writer in using those three very remarkably phrased negations. The negative form suggests an intention to correct error. What more natural or relevant than a purpose to correct heresies as to the origin or the Person of 'the begotten of God,' such as this Apostle refers to in his first Epistle (4¹⁻³)? It need not seem strange if the precise reference of each clause is obscure to us now. We have a parallel in the various subtle errors regarding the Person of Christ in the early Christian centuries. If we had not the history to explain it, what could we make of the threefold negation of the creed 'without conversion, without composition, without confusion'? So the threefold negation of v.¹⁸ may well have been relevant and necessary for those for whom John wrote, though in part obscure to us now. But any exposition of regeneration would surely have been clear to all generations, as St. John's words about it always are.

6. When we examine the three clauses, we see how difficult it has been found from St. Augustine's day to this to give a clear and consistent interpretation of them. Recent commentators favour

some progressive interpretation which understands by ἐκ θελήματος ἀνδρός life derived 'from the higher human nature.' But St. John never uses ἀνὴρ in such generic sense. He carefully distinguishes between ἄνθρωπος, which he uses often, and ἀνὴρ, which he uses only nine times; in v.³⁰ of the Lamb of God, the Man (Ex 12⁵), of whom the Baptist speaks as born after Him but in fact before Him; in 6¹⁰, where he distinguishes ἄνδρες from ἀνθρώπους (which Mt 14²¹ explains); and in chap. 4¹⁶⁻¹⁸ and Rev 21², where he uses it for 'husband.' οὐδὲ ἐκ θελήματος ἀνδρός plainly means 'not of the will of a man, or husband,' and cannot be spiritualized away. Nor can it be said that such a statement was unnecessary when we consider the belief prevalent during our Lord's life that He was the son of Joseph, the husband of Mary (as see v.⁴⁵ 6⁴² 7²⁷ 41. 42, Lk 4²², Mt 13⁵⁶), and in later times (Lk 3²³); a belief which persisted to the time St. John wrote, and has been revived from time to time by disbelievers in a virgin birth.

The repeated θελήματος is also, as Meyer notes, against interpretations which explain the three clauses as speaking of regeneration in an ascending scale. Θέλημα—a LXX and N.T. word—never has, in the singular, the indeterminate meaning of impulse or inclination, but stands for will or decree. Moreover, the use of σάρξ in the next verse forbids its being taken here for the lower, or animal nature of man, or anything short of true manhood. A fuller knowledge of speculations current in St. John's day might supply explanation of the aim of each of these three negations; but this remains to us that they deny any non-miraculous account of the coming into this world of the Eternal Word, and set aside the argument against the 'virgin birth' derived from the supposed silence of the Fourth Gospel on the subject—a silence which would have been remarkable indeed in a Prologue to this Gospel. If 'the negation of human origination was important' as regards the regeneration of those that believed (Meyer), much more important and relevant was it to clear of all doubt the divine origination of Him who was known and trusted in as He to whom alone it was declared, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.'¹

ARCH. HENDERSON.

Crieff.

¹ There is an interesting parallel to the threefold negation here and that in which Melchizedek is described as 'without father, without mother, without genealogy made like unto the

The Yeminite MS. of Megilla.²

It has until recently been customary to look to European scholars for the editing of manuscripts which brought us the necessary new light in order to understand the ancients. But times have changed, and American scholars, though slowly, are doing their share.

The Yeminite MS. of Megilla has lately appeared, critically examined and edited by Dr. Price of Toronto. The editor has dedicated his work to his teacher, the late Solomon Schechter of Genizah fame.

This is the second of the Yeminite MSS. which Rabbi Price has edited, having originally edited the Yeminite manuscript of Pesahim for his doctor's degree. It need hardly be stated to the average student that these manuscripts, like all other existing Talmudic manuscripts, have their special peculiarities, not only recensional and historical but grammatical as well. Price tells us in his Introduction that these manuscripts were purchased by Columbia University in 1890 from Mr. Ephraim Deinard, an Oriental traveller. He also proves from a superscription found at the end of Bezah, and from a larger passage at the end of Zebahim, that the scribe's name who wrote these manuscripts was David Ben Meoded ben Saadia ben Joseph; that he was a reader in the synagogue, that the date of the manuscript is Mar-Cheswan, 1858 (Sel 1546), and that it was written in Sanaa.

The Yeminite manuscripts are interesting on account of their scribal peculiarities, namely, in many cases the scribe employed in enlarged characters the words 'Gemorah' and 'Mithmithin,' and in several cases the entire Mishnah as well as the 'voces memoriales,' as Dr. Price well indicates.

Son of God' (He 7⁸). These words have been explained by recovery of letters written by Ebed-tob, a successor of Melchizedek as king of Urus-Salim, in which styling himself he writes: 'Neither my father, nor my mother, (but) the oracle of the mighty king (i.e. God) established [me] in the house of my father' (*Records of the Past*, 2nd ser., v. 66, 67, 75). The parallelism to Ps 26⁷ is striking. As of old the kings of Jerusalem were jealous in claiming that they held the throne not by lineal descent through father or mother or by will of men, but by the decree of God alone, so St. John here affirms the same of the Eternal Word against all who would deny Him as the only begotten of God, in whom the fathers of Israel had trusted, and by whom they had been saved.

² *The Yeminite MS. of Megilla* (in the library of Columbia University) critically examined and edited by Julius J. Price. (American-Hebrew Press, Toronto, 1916.)

The special grammatical usages to which Price calls attention are such usages as 'salka daata' instead of 'salka-da-atach,' and the form 'nema' instead of the use of 'lema'; the Aramaic absolute plural ending in preference to the regular Hebrew ending; the employment of the letter 'samech' for the letter 'sin'; the use of the plural form of nouns in preference to the singular form found in printed editions and the interchange of prepositions.

Because the editor has found Biblical passages quoted in full in this manuscript he contends that quotations from Scripture were doubtless copied direct from the Bible rather than from the manuscript from which the scribe copied his text, especially as the Biblical verses are always vocalized, and vocalized so just as in our text. The manuscript contains a number of explanatory glosses fulfilling the same function as Rashi does at the present time.

Dr. Price has compared the first three chapters of this tract with four other manuscripts, namely, the two Munich manuscripts, the Oxford manuscript, and a London British Museum manuscript. In the fourth chapter he has compared the Yeminite manuscript only with the Bomberg edition, owing to the fact that the authorities of Columbia were unwilling to send the manuscript to Toronto.

The publication before us deserves a careful examination and study inasmuch as it does away with a great many mistakes as well as Talmudic disputes and contentions which the average scholar has to contend with to-day owing to the corrupt text that one has to deal with. New interpretations are given such as on page 28, which throws a new light upon historical valuations.

There are a number of misprints and typographical errors. The printing of this manuscript, which Dr. Price tells us in his Introduction will be followed by others, will doubtless bring a number of better readings and explanations which those labouring in Talmudic studies have long sought.

ARTHUR S. BRUCE.

Toronto.

'Vision and Service.'

AMONG the women on whom the Order of the British Empire has been conferred, few names have been received with greater satisfaction by the press and by the public than that of Mrs. Barnett, the fellow-labourer of Canon Barnett in his

religious, social, and educational work. In connexion with her own special creation, the Hampstead Garden Suburb, she has earned new gratitude this summer by organizing a highly successful series of conferences at the Institute. She has at the same time selected and edited, under the title *Vision and Service*, some of Canon Barnett's sermons and papers. Her Introduction contains a brief biography of her husband which will make readers look forward with eagerness for the complete *Life and Letters* on which she is engaged.

The fact that thoughtful people are everywhere considering the great problems of reconstruction after the war, and still more the belief that the solution of those problems must be on a distinctly ethical and religious basis, have guided Mrs. Barnett in her selection and grouping of material. The book consists of several of Canon Barnett's sermons with abstracts of others, together with various articles, letters, and aphorisms, arranged on a definite plan and forming a coherent whole. In it are expressed his spiritual vision and the idealism which it created. His idealism, however, was never vague, it was always directed towards a practical result. As it used to be said, 'Barnett gets things done.' It is this rare combination of idealism and practical capacity which gives weight to his utterances. If he idealizes life, he shows how the ideal may be realized.

No doubt the task of reconstruction will raise many problems which Canon Barnett could not anticipate, but the spirit which inspired him is the spirit which must inspire those who would guide the coming age to their solution. Yet what attracts and surprises is the strange appositiveness by which Canon Barnett's thoughts on social, economic, educational, and international questions contain 'sound doctrine and necessary for these times.' Take, for instance, these sayings: 'No social reform will be adequate which does not touch social relations, bind classes of friendship, and pass through the medium of friendship the spirit which inspires righteousness and devotion'; 'Wealth, not poverty, is the national danger'; 'It is only by education, only by raising the character of the individual, that the mass can be raised'; 'Each nation grows in strength as it enters more deeply into the life of other nations'; 'To do anything real, reformers must commence with what is highest.'

The charm of the book is enhanced by the pleas-

ing portrait of Canon Barnett as frontispiece and by a fine reproduction of G. F. Watts' 'Love and Death,' of which Mrs. Barnett gives a description 'not only,' as she says, 'because it was of all modern pictures the one which most appealed to my husband, but because in these days, when death is so triumphant and love so impotent and tortured, it may comfort some sad hearts to read the artist's message.'

V. A. BOYLE.

Portslade Rectory.

Three Notes.

OWING to considerable delays and irregularities occurring at the present time in the postal service, the May number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES has only now come into my hands. I venture to send you a few remarks concerning it.

1. Page 343, first column.—Dr. Wotherspoon quotes 1 K 22²¹ according to the A.V.: 'And

there came forth a spirit, and said . . . ' The R.V. has in the margin: Heb. 'the spirit.' This is not without analogy with the texts adduced in the same number, p. 378, in Mr. Burn's article.

2. Page 346, first column.—Dr. Mackie, speaking of 'proverbial sayings,' mentions that 'their name in Arabic is *Amthâl*, "similitudes."' One might observe that the Arabic word is, etymologically as well as *quoad sensum*, the exact equivalent of the Hebrew מִשְׁלֵי, plur. מִשְׁלֵי, the usual word in the O.T. for 'proverbial sayings.'

3. Page 378, second column.—Mr. Burn writes: 'Finally, he [Mr. Isaacson] refers to some passage erroneously alluded to as 1 K 2⁷⁷, which I have tried in vain to trace.' This passage is 1 S 2²⁷, the Books of Samuel being called in LXX First and Second Books of Kings, and the number of the verse having been misprinted or wrongly written ⁷⁷ instead of ²⁷.

LUCIEN GAUTIER.

Geneva.

Entre Nous.

Charles Vincent.

Mr. Vincent has given his book the title of *Coronel, and other War Poems* (Dent; 4s. 6d. net); for it is entirely made up of poems about the war, and the chief poem in it commemorates the Battle of Coronel. Among the rest, there is a series of sonnets, one addressed to each of the nations at war. We shall quote the last of all the poems in the book:

ENVOI.

In times of blood, and writ in blood,
I give Thee to the world:
Glory to God, our feet have trod
The grapes of pain, that pearled

Our paschal cup, before we passed
To walk the vale, where we,
Since kith and friend on Death attend,
Taste of Gethsemane.

Grief scourges like a windy rain;
Cold gusts from Death pursue,
While men we love, for God above,
In fire their souls renew.

O Lord of Hosts, consume the pride
Of those who drag Thy Name,

With impious ire, through dust and mire;
Lord, winnow them with flame!

Yet winnow too our sin of sloth
Like chaff before the wind;
Our luxury purge utterly;
Give eyes unto the blind.

Give faith, give courage, Master, give
A truer, nobler soul;
Let not our flood of precious blood
Through barren sand wastes roll.

Shall it be said, our faithful dead,
Our best, our hope, our pride,
Our martyred slain, O Lord, in vain
For Thee, for us have died?

Grant to their souls Thy fellowship;
Our enemies forgive,
And unto us, the living dead,
Bring life, that we may live!

Beat down our night with heavenly light;
The prisoned mind release;
And, out of war and battle roar,
Give, Lord and Healer, peace.

Robert Nichols.

The volume called *Ardours and Endurances*, by Mr. Robert Nichols (Chatto & Windus; 3s. 6d. net), is divided into three parts. The second part contains a single dramatic poem entitled 'A Faun's Holiday.' The third part is made up of 'Poems and Phantasies.' It is the first part that we have found most captivating. It takes us captive, body and soul, by its realistic description of the soldier's experience, from the first summons to the final deliverance. More vivid has no description been of all that we have read, none more heart-rendingly real. The whole series must be read for the impression. This sonnet is near the end:

OUR DEAD.

They have not gone from us. O no! they are
The inmost essence of each thing that is
Perfect for us; they flame in every star;
The trees are emerald with their presences.
They are not gone from us; they do not roam
The flow and turmoil of the lower deep,
But have now made the whole wide world their
home,

And in its loveliness themselves they steep.

They fail not ever; theirs is the diurn
Splendour of sunny hill and forest grave;
In every rainbow's glittering drop they burn;
They dazzle in the massed clouds' architrave;
They chant on every wind, and they return
In the long roll of any deep blue wave.

T. McWilliam.

The Rev. T. McWilliam, M.A., is minister of Foveran in Aberdeenshire, and some of his verses in *The Passing Days* (Aberdeen: Smith; 2s. 6d. net) are distinctly Aberdeenshire in spirit and in language. There is in particular a very pleasing Pastoral in four parts on the Foveran Burn, the best of the book. But the war-poems are also worthy. We shall quote the last two verses of the poem entitled 'Youth's Supreme Sacrifice':

To yearning hearts that pray in the night
For solace to ease them of their pain
For those who will ne'er return again,
There shines in the darkness a radiant light—
A Vision of service at God's right hand
For the noble, chivalrous, youthful band
Who gave up their all for God and the Right.

God will repay what we owe to Youth,
Youth that sprang at an Empire's Call,
Youth ready to give their all
For King and Country, Freedom and Truth,
For love of home and a scatheless hearth,
For all that ennobles this transient earth
Imperilled, o'ershadowed by 'woeful ruth.'

Oswald H. Hardy.

'There are things of the spirit which cannot be stifled even by the War. The love of nature, with all its sublimities of meaning and its infinite depths of utterance, the reverence for the past with its vast legacies of thought and illumination, the inspirations of art and travel, felt in the ancient world's calmer spaces and under the sway of her older gods, the pathos of episodes and associations that have dwelt in the mind, remain in thoughtful men and women in spite of even such a convulsion as the present—and perhaps we turn to them with even more gratitude than before, as to a haven where the anxious spirit may at all events find some aspect of peace, some restful pause of reminiscence and reverie.'

That is the chief 'excuse' Mr. Hardy gives for the publication of his poems of travel which he entitles *In Greek Seas* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). We hope that other things will also remain when the war is over, but these things are good. And in this book Mr. Hardy shows how he appreciates them. He is a traveller who has eyes to see. And where he cannot travel he has imagination to conceive. One of the poems is

THE CUCKOO'S CALL

What hast thou seen since last we heard thy call
Echo through English woodlands in the Spring?
What other climes have moved thy heart to sing?
We have no lures to hold thee through the year,
And long e'er our last sylvan remnants fall
Far, far away, beyond our cloudy sphere
Dost thou call other lands to their awakening?
What hast thou seen?

Where hast thou been? For us thou seemest
ever
A messenger to rouse the heart to greet
The heavens above, the flowers around our feet,
And all the whisperings of a world renewed,
A "sursum corda" for our best endeavour.
Thou singest us a new beatitude.
O! yet again thy seraph call repeat.
Where hast thou been?

Hast thou in tropic zones piped thy refrain
 Where tapering palms sway softly to the breeze,
 And turbaned men, reclining at their ease,
 Scarce note thee 'mid the fuller-throated choir,
 Their hearts untouched with that mysterious pain
 The changing seasons in our hearts inspire?
 O! say thou lov'st our homeland more than these
 And all between.

Helen K. Meldrum.

To Miss Meldrum as to Mr. Wells, God was unknown until the war came. She had heard of faith, but had it not.

But Faith, alas! is a chameleon thing,
 And wears as many colours as the spring.

Then Mr. Wells said, 'Our sons have shewn us God.' She took the words as motto of her poem on *The Unknown God* (Erskine Macdonald; 6d. net) and wrote:

And now, *now* when the world is chaos,
 And the Death-Fiend is let loose;
 With the flower of manhood lying,
 Shattered—or dead, or dying,
 While at home the saints are crying,
 'Where is our God?' Ah! where?

There, on the Field of Battle,
 Daring the might of Hell,
 Dying, with Soul triumphant,
 'Our sons have shewn us—GOD.'

Robert Nicolas Tinkler.

That scene on Mount Gilboa, where Jonathan 'put forth the end of the rod that was in his hand, and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put his hand to his mouth: and his eyes were enlightened,' has touched many a man's imagination. To Mr. Tinkler it has been the occasion of one of the finest poems on a Biblical subject in our language.

Surely those bees, in search of better gold,
 Unchallenged passed the bright-eyed cherubim
 And hummed in Eden bowers their joyous hymn
 About the tree of knowledge, making bold
 Among the apple-blossoms till each limb
 Earth's wealthiest hoard surpassed a hundredfold.

I tasted of their treasure and I saw;
 Alone forgotten in the fast begun,
 Heart's ease I had and honey-sight in one,

When lo! a red pursuer, finding flaw,
 A casual voice confronting sire and son,
 Proclaimed the king's decree, and me outlaw.

Those are two of the thirty-five stanzas.

Of the shorter poems this sonnet may serve for example:

THE SOUL'S RECESS.

Alone for all her fellows fades the rose,
 Alone the nightingale, her laureate, weeps,
 Alone the lion on the panther leaps,
 The bee finds honey, and the fish its foes.
 What knowledge has Cordelia of the woes
 That trouble mad King Lear's tremendous
 deeps?

Nay, single by his wife Ulysses sleeps;
 Not Jonathan the heart of David knows.
 What matters language, eloquence of look?
 Behind their walls, insoluble though sought,
 Behind the brodered arras of a book,
 Watches the soul alone, oft passion-fraught,
 Aye chambered in a dark and secret nook,
 Thinking its incommunicable thought.

The volume is one of Messrs. Erskine Macdonald's 'Little Books of Georgian Verse.' The title is *Honey-Sight* (1s. net).

P. H. Pearse.

How are we to do anything for Ireland unless we enter into the mind of the Irish? If we read the *Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse* (Maunsell; 7s. 6d. net) we shall be able to enter into the Irish mind, and that more truly than by long living in Ireland. For the Irish will not open their mind to strangers yet, not by long living and generous giving and even sacrifice. But they reveal it in their literature. That is one of the incomprehensible things to an Englishman in the nature of the Irish. In intercourse they reveal nothing, in literature everything. And when it comes from so Irish an Irishman as Padraic Pearse, from so simple and yet so searching a literary art as his, the revelation is as indelible as it is undeniable.

The volume contains Plays, Stories, and Poems. They are all alike in their Irish spirit and their literary accomplishment. But the poems are the least for impressiveness. Nevertheless it is one of the poems that we shall quote, for the plays and the stories are too long for us.

THE MOTHER.

I do not grudge them : Lord, I do not grudge
 My two strong sons that I have seen go out
 To break their strength and die, they and a few,
 In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
 They shall be spoken of among their people,
 The generations shall remember them,
 And call them blessed ;
 But I will speak their names to my own heart
 In the long nights ;
 The little names that were familiar once
 Round my dead hearth.
 Lord, thou art hard on mothers :
 We suffer in their coming and their going ;
 And tho' I grudge them not, I weary, weary
 Of the long sorrow—And yet I have my joy :
 My sons were faithful, and they fought.

Charles Williams.

Poems of Conformity is the title which Mr. Charles Williams has given to his new volume (Milford; 3s. 6d. net). One of the poems is called 'Conformity.' Here are the first two verses :

Maid's love that kinship holds in it
 To all loves known of mortal wit,
 Beneath the ageing stars,
 Being a mother and a chief,
 An indefectible belief,
 Blinded by joyous wars,

 Hath, sealed in ease of comeliness,
 Friendship, than all things else no less.
 Thou know'st, ah *belle amie*,
 How dear beyond all amorous grace
 The ceremonial embrace
 Pledging that amity.

But the virtue and value of the poems will be best seen if we quote one of those that are more manifestly religious. We do not say that Mr. Williams is then at his best, but he is there just as poetical as at any time and most easily understood. Take the poem on

ASCENSION.

The tides of Christendom begin,
 The years of faith and hope,
 A cloud of days receives him in
 As our Lord Love goes up,
 Still from disseminating hands
 Bestowing blessing on our lands.

We shall not find him here again,
 Who felt his first surprise ;
 No loneliness or thrill of pain
 Shall draw him from his skies ;
 Nor shall a second Wonder smite
 Our eyelids with so much of light.

A cloud of days receives him in,
 God unto God returns ;
 To his profoundest origin
 Love manifested yearns.
 But now he was ! but now, my Fair,
 Flickered his presence in your hair.

O look, look ! ere that presence dies
 The Spirit's flame is here,
 Descending in new mysteries
 Ere Christ can disappear,—
 In whom all living must be shared
 That great Nativity declared.

All things he shall in order due
 Bring to remembrance ; he
 Infallibly shall hold us true
 And indefectibly.
 Incredible is this to prove ?
 Ah, how incredible was Love !

A cloud of days receives him in,
 That Christ of yesterday ;
 The years of faith and hope begin,
 While we must watch and pray.
 Our Church her mission hath received,—
 We know in whom we have believed.

Council and law shall hold us fast
 And ritual shall grow stale,
 Yet sense of this assured past
 Shall mightily prevail,
 For in your face the Holy Ghost
 Kept—how long since !—his Pentecost ;

When, darkly burning in your cheek,
 The rushing blood rose high,
 Yet felt its soul and it too weak
 To bear the same God nigh
 Who, on the Apostles being come,
 Enlarged them into Christendom.